ALL THE NEWS IN The Herald FIRST

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

The Herald A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE

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KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

HAPPENINGS IN OUR BUSY SISTER TOWN

Various Paragraphs Of Social And Personal Interest

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, Feb. 28.

All property remaining unclaimed in the Maine, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia offices of the American Express Company will be sold at public auction at Bangor on March 21, unless called for and paid for before that date. In the list are packages belonging to several people in this town, as follows: Clarence M. Prince, William J. Kelly, Dummer Adams, C. C. Walker, J. Frank Walker, Calvin L. Hayes, C. M. Young, J. A. Phillips and Moses P. Randall.

A regular meeting of St. Aspinquid Tribe of Red Men will be held on Friday evening at Grange Hall.

According to a local authority, there have been ninety days of sledding this Winter.

The Ladies' Fancywork Club met on Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Alfred Googins.

William C. Locke of Patterson, N. J., passed Tuesday in town, the guest of his old comrade, M. O. Stimson of Love lane. The gentlemen were shipmates during the Civil war and this visit was one of great pleasure, in recalling reminiscenes of that time.

Mr. Locke is engaged in woolen work in New Jersey. On leaving he presented Mr. Stimson with a handsome badge of his own designing. For a head piece, the badge has the American flag floating in the breeze, while below is woven in blue and white the words and music of "The Star Spangled Banner," the first verse and the chorus being given. At the end there is a scroll and a tassel in which the national colors are interwoven.

Capt. Frederick Hill and Capt. Briggs of Malden, Mass., have been passing several days with Frank L. Trefethen of Locke's Cove. These gentlemen are greatly interested in motor boats and have a fine craft under construction, one that gives promise of being able to take in tow any other on this river. It will probably keep the members of the new yacht club hustling to keep pace with it.

Mrs. Joseph Jenkins left for Boston today to attend the marriage of a nephew.

Harold Knowlton of Boston was in town yesterday.

The entertainment given by the pupils of Traip Academy on Wednesday was very successful. The hall was tastefully decorated, pictures of Longfellow being prominent, in appropriate places about the hall. The program consisted of music and recitations.

Kittery Point

The rural mail was not delivered for two days after the blizzard of Monday and residents of the outlying sections of the town have been completely isolated by the depth of the snow.

Ralph E. Dennett, son of Superintendent of Schools Alexander Dennett, has received an appointment to the Naval Academy as the result of a competitive examination at Lewiston. He is the third Kittery boy to receive such a nappointment within a year. The others are Calvin Cobb and Lewis Wasson.

A channel was cut in the ice to the wharves by T. E. Crawley and D. E. Gilchrest on Wednesday.

The old fishing schooner A. C. Newhall, for years owned in New Castle, but now of Gloucester, is now

(Continued on fifth page)

Geo. B. French Co

LAST WEEK IN FEBRUARY SALE

FOLLOWING OUR ANNUAL INVENTORY, which is just completed, we find many lines of Merchandise that calls for PRICE CUTTING with the passing of the season. We also show desirable NEW MERCHANDISE adapted for Late Winter and Early Spring.

Glove Bargains

and just kind of weather to buy—Wool Gloves were 25c for.....12c

Wool Gloves that were 50c now.....39c

Jersey Ribbed Sleeping Garments

that will keep the little ones so comfortable at a low cost.....25c

Cotton Down Filled Comforters

Just come in, with very select sateen quilted covering, special lot at.....$2.25

Extra Fine Comforters, softest filling and very extra coverings, only.....$3.00

In the lower cost at.....$1,00, $1.25, $1.59

Last Call to Our Fur Sale

for these two lots of fine Fur Scarfs at.....$3.50 and $3.98

A few higher cost ones you can buy much under value.

Silk Petticoats

Just a few, in colors, that were $5.00, now.....$3.75

One lot of fine Taffeta Silk, wide ruffle and flounces, at.....$5.00

Black Skirts

At a popular cost we offer one dozen in Black Serge or made up of Sicilian at.....$5.50

Skirts of Grey Worsteds in hecks of service and good taste.....$5.00

Dress Goods

SEVERAL LOTS THAT FOLLOW CLOSE AFTER OUR STOCK TAKING.

One lot, 36 inches wide, Fancy Grey, Green and Brown Mixtures...25c

One lot Choice and Fashionable Suitings, 56 inches wide, at.....75c

These include the popular Gray Checks and Mixed Fabrics that will lead as popular sellers for Spring wear, we repeat the price.....75c

Wool Serges in Navy Blue, very heavy and long wearing, a special bargain, 48 inches wide, select colors lasts, only.....75c

Cotton Voiles, just enough for a Dress, Brown and Gray Checks and Woven Figures, on our Dress Goods Counter at.....$1.20, $1.31, $1.59

Now For Silks

See our Specials in Roman Stripes at.....49c

Another attraction is our Servi Silk, selling at.....75c

Also yard wide Black Taffeta Silk...$1.00

Newest of White Waists

in which are combined the very choicest laces and embroideries—Many new ideas in the 1907 Waists as you will see, one should see what beautiful Waists we are selling at....$1.00, $1.25, $1.98 and $2.25 and early buying is good judgment.

Children's Merino Vests

Heavy Merino, worth 25c, at.....12 1-2c

BILL IS KILLED

House Chloroforms Senate Pass Measure

MOTION TO INDEFINITELY POSTPONE CARRIED

Vote Of Rockingham County On The Proposition

MANY LIQUOR BILLS ARE REPORTED IN THE HOUSE

(By The Herald's Staff Correspondent)

Concord, Feb. 28—After a fitful life, the Senate pass bill, approved by the upper branch of the Legislature early in the session, is dead. The House on Wednesday administered a dose of indefinite postponment chloroform and the measure passed to that bourne from which no bills return.

The bill absolutely prohibited legislative passes and was passed by the Senate unanimously. In the House, it was severely criticised and Mr. Wilkinson of Fremont moved that it be indefinitely postponed. Mr. Baker of Bow called for the yeas and nays and the roll call resulted in 192 votes in favor of the motion with 129 against it.

Rockingham county voted as follows:

Yes—Reid of Auburn, Robinson of Brentwood, Foster, Goldsmith, Collins, McGregor of Derry, Wiggin of Derry, Wilkinson, Pridham of New Castle, Bailey, Elkins, Brown of Kensington, Sheehy, Darbe Fogg of North Hampton, Johnson of Northwood, Brown of Nottingham, Hills of Plaistow, Brown of Portsmouth, Philbrick of Portsmouth, Wood of Portsmouth, Walker of Rye, Fifield of Seabrook, Emery of Stratham.

No—Towle, Paine of Derry, Anderson, Stevenson, Tufts, Lamprey, Boyd, Pickering, Hodgdon of Portsmouth, Rand, Nesmith.

A petition was received in the House, signed by citizens of Keene, asking for favorable action on the bill to prevent stock gambling and the maintenance of bucket shops.

The measure in amendment of the license laws introduced by Gen. Gale of Exeter, House bill No. 119, was reported by the judiciary committee inexpedient to legislate.

The same committee reported the bill creating the office of state auditor and it was reported to the committee on retrenchment and reform.

House bill No. 219, an act relating to mileage books, was reported inexpedient by the judiciary committee, but on motion of Mr. Malloy of Gorham the measure was recommitted.

The ways and means committee reported favorably in a new draft the bill creating a tax commission of three members, to serve for one year after December, 1907. It was read twice and tabled for printing.

A new bill was reported by the committee on national affairs, making May 13, 1907, the 300th anniversary of the landing of English settlers at Jamestown, a legal holiday. After being read twice, the measure was tabled to be printed.

The bill amending the public statutes in regard to the taxation of savings banks was reported favorably in a new draft by the committee on banks and it was ordered to the table to be printed.

Numerous bills relating to the liquor traffic were reported by the judiciary committee, a number of them inexpedient. One inexpedient report on a bill relating to the location of saloons in reference to churches and schools was questioned. A majority of the House apparently favored the adoption of the report, but the bill was finally made a special order for today.

Bills relating to minors falsifying their ages in order to secure liquor and providing for jury trials for licensees accused of offenses were killed.

An act providing for a recount of license votes on petition of ten legal voters was reported favorably in a new draft.

Another bill killed was one providing for better enforcement of the laws in no-license places.

An act amending the laws in relation to notices not to sell liquors to habitual drunkards was tabled for printing, as was a bill allowing the license commissioners, at their discretion, to grant victuallers' licenses in any territory.

The bill relating to the liability of a surety on the bond of a licensee was reported inexpedient. The same report was presented in the case of the bill relating to the time of voting on the license question. The measure relating to the drinking of liquors in public places and conveyances also fell a victim to the bill killer.

Another bill relating to minors falsifying their ages was favoraby reported in a new draft and tabled for printing. This bill provides for a fine of ten dollars for the first offense and of $50 for the second offense.

Inexpedient was the report on the bill allowing towns to change their votes on the license question.

House bill No. 323, relating to the sale and delivery of liquors in certain cases, was favorably reported and finally passed.

An act to provide for the cleansing of cans and receptacles used in the transportation of milk and cream was finally approved by the House.

The bill authorizing the conveyance of the Stratham-Newfields toll bridge to Rockingham county was referred to the delegation from that county. A motion to pass it under suspension of the rules had previously been lost.

The bill providing for the transfer of cases of military offense, committed by members of the state National Guard, to the civil courts, after being made a special order for the afternoon, was recommitted to the committee on military affairs.

The Senate passed the bill amending the charter of the Concord, Dover and Rochester street railway, but killed the act relating to legislative counsel and agents, better known as the "anti-lobby" bill. The bill requiring the licensing of hired guides was also killed.

An act requiring towns and cities to furnish reports to the New Hampshire Genealogical Society was finally passed, after being recalled from the Governor and amended.

The special committee appointed to investigate the license commission and its methods has concluded its public sessions. There was little public interest in the work of the committee.

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor Feb. 27

Arrived

Schooner Smith Tuttle, Perkins, Portland for Boston, with lumber.

Tug Catawissa, Anderson, towing barges Logan from Bucksport and Sapcon from Portland, both for Philadelphia; picked up barge Brookside, Philadelphia for Newburyport, and sailed, but returned on account of threatening weather; proceeded again when weather cleared, but without Brookside, being unable to deliver her.

Tug Portsmouth, Perkins, Boston.

Wind north, a. m., snowing; p. m., clear.

P. A. C. SMOKER

The regular weekly smoker will be held this evening in the rooms of the Portsmouth Athletic Club.

The Dog And The Oyster

A dog used to eating raw eggs, saw an oyster, and bolted it down for an egg. Later on when Gastralgia (Anglice Stumak-ak) hit him hard he said, "The canine what can't tell an egg from an oyster deserves all he gets." This fable teaches, there is more meat and less shell to the cubic inch cooking and lighting with gas and electricity than with coal and oil.

Moral: Stick to cooking and lighting with gas and electricity.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY LIGHT & POWER CO.

INVADE THE CITY

Elks Descend In Force Upon Portsmouth

CAPTURE THE CITY WITHOUT RESISTANCE

Annual Banquet Of State Association Held Here

VISITORS GIVEN RECEPTION BY PORTSMOUTH LODGE

Portsmouth was invaded by the Elks on Wednesday evening and the city surrendered without a struggle. The occasion was the second annual banquet of the New Hampshire Association of members of the order and the event brought to this city visitors from all parts of the state.

There have been numerous important events under Elk auspices in this city, but that of Wednesday evening was easily the most important of all. It was a gathering of the clans the like of which is seldom seen hereabouts and one that will be remembered for many years to come.

The guests of the evening came from every section of New Hampshire, from Coos to the sea, and not the least pleasureable feature of the

Toastmaster, John H. Hayes, District Deputy of Manchester.

gathering was the making of new acquaintances and the renewal of old ones. H. S. Cotton was chairman of the reception committee.

The visitors were met at the railroad station by a reception committee composed of practically every member of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks. They were given the most cordial of fraternal welcomes and assured that the city was theirs.

There was a formal reception to the Elks from out of town from six to eight o'clock in K. of P. Hall, the headquarters of Portsmouth Lodge. Here the greetings given at the railroad station were repeated and fraternal words were exchanged by the members of the local lodge and their guests.

At eight o'clock the company adjourned to Freeman's Hall below, where a banquet that will always be regarded as a bright spot in the annals of the New Hampshire Association of Elks was served by Cottrell and Walsh, the Portsmouth caterers.

The bill of fare was as follows:

Oyster Cocktail
Fried Great Bay Smelts, Tartar Sauce
Celery Saratoga Chips Queen Olives
Chicken Croquettes with French Peas
Roast Vermont Turkey with Dressing
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Brown Potatoes Green Peas
Lobster Salad Chicken Salad
Hot Rolls
Cigarettes
Frozen Pudding, Brandy Jelly
Coacoanut Cakes Lady Fingers
Macaroons Assorted Cake
Roquefort and American Cheese
Toasted Crackers
Fruit Cigars Coffee

Following the banquet, there was a stage entertainment that kept the company in high spirits for hours. There were fourteen artists, all of them real vaudeville stars, and no New Hampshire society ever enjoyed a better program than that furnished by the committee in charge of the entertainment features of the evening. This committee was composed of Herbert B. Dow, Frank A. Moulton, J. P. Tibbetts and F. H. Keenan, all members of Portsmouth Lodge.

"Ed" Kelley was in direct charge of the stage performance and the singers, dancers, comedians and other artists who appeared under his direction all acquitted themselves in a manner to please the most critical.

The new day was well advanced when the company finally dispersed, every man agreeing that Portsmouth yields the palm to no city in the state in the matter of hospitality and that Portsmouth Lodge of Elks is composed of the very best of good fellows.

The president of the New Hampshire Association is True W. Priest, the first exalted ruler and the first district deputy of Portsmouth Lodge. Herbert B. Dow, past exalted ruler and past district deputy of Portsmouth Lodge, is secretary and treasurer and C. H. M. Williams is vice president.

The association was organized for the purpose of bringing the members of the order in the state closer together and it has succeeded admirably in its purpose. The two banquets held have brought members of the order from widely different points together, who might otherwise never have met.

Portsmouth was pleased to have an opportunity to entertain the members of the New Hampshire Association and their friends and will be glad to welcome them again at any time.

WE GET $15,000

Senate Passes Bill Giving New Hampshire That Amount

Among the unopposed bills passed by the national Senate on Wednesday was one to pay the state of New Hampshire $15,000.

This is in payment for land at New Castle ceded to the government for a fort many years ago. It includes the present site of Fort Constitution. The original bill, introduced by Senator Gallinger, called for $30,000, but this sum was reduced one-half by the Senate committee on claims.

It is understood that the money received by the state from the government will be applied to the public debt of New Castle. The purpose of the Gallinger bill was to make good to that town its loss in taxable property caused by the cession of land for a government reservation.

A SPECIAL PULLMAN

Pressed Into Service for the Elks of Keene

The Elks of Keene came to this city on Wednesday afternoon in a special Pullman car, the Red Wing.

This (Thursday) morning, they left for Boston, their car being attached to the 8.15 train. They will pass the day in the New England metropolis and will then return to Keene.

The Elks of the Cheshire county city are a jolly crowd and they enjoyed themselves immensely in Portsmouth.

ADDRESS BY MR. SISK

The teachers of the Portsmouth public schols will listen to an address in the assembly hall of the High School building by Supt. Robert J. Sisk this (Thursday) afternoon. This is the second in the series of addresses to teachers. It is announced for fifteen minutes past four.

WRECKERS AGAIN CALLED OUT

Again the wrecking crew of the Boston and Maine railroad from Portsmouth was called out Wednesday night. The men were required at Conway Junction to place trucks under two freight cars that were in bad shape.

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, Feb. 28—Increasing cloudiness, warmer, and snow or rain are indicated for Friday.

INDIANS IN NEW YORK.

About Five Thousand in the State, Most of Whom Get Government Aid.

The state of New York has had for more than a century "an Indian question," but so judiciously has New York handled it that few persons are aware of the fact that there are more than 5,000 Indians living on reservations in this state, maintaining tribal relations without controversy, dispute or disorder. The new census shows the number of such Indians on reservations to be exactly 5,000, of whom 1,472 are in the Cattaraugus reservation in the western part of the state, 1,200 are on the St. Regis reservation in Franklin county, fronting on the St. Lawrence river, and 225 in the Onondaga reservation of 7,300 acres near the city of Syracuse.

Twenty years ago the number of Indians on reservations in New York state was 4,800. Thirty years ago it was 4,707. Forty years ago it was 4,139. Fifty years ago it was 3,934. Instead of New York Indians on reservations dying out they appear to be increasing.

The Indians on the Cattaraugus and Allegheny reservations receive an annuity from both the state and federal governments. The Indians on the St. Regis reservation get an annuity from the state only. The Tonawanda Indians, who number 500 and who have a reservation of 7,500 acres not far from Buffalo, receive for their support what is known as the "wood tax," which is paid by those who occupy any of their lands. The Onondaga Indians get an annuity from the United States government under a treaty made with it, and they get an annuity also from the state, in addition to which they receive a certain amount of salt each year—in part compensation for their surrender to the state of lands now in use for salt works near Syracuse.

The state of New York pays to Indians on reservations about $8,000 a year in annuities, in addition to such amounts as come to them for relief or for the maintenance of Indian schools.

WHEN LAW WAS IN THE BUD

The Bar of Justice and the Barroom Were Very Closely Related.

When men want to do a thing they legalize it; and the things they do not want to do they place a penalty on. We do not refrain from doing a thing because it is against the law, but we pass a law against the thing we refrain from doing, says the New York American.

In England, during the reign of the barons, it was a crime for a lawyer to accept a fee. The lawyer was a clerk or interpreter for the court, and his business was simply to assist the claimant in presenting his case to the judge in an expeditious and intelligent form, it having been discovered that most claimants were louts and lubbers, with no definite idea as to what they wanted or what they were entitled to. To save the time of the court, clerks were employed, called barristers, to examine each case and see if the man had any real grounds for grievance, and if he had, help him explain it to the court.

A bar ran across the room to separate the claimants from the judge or judges, for the judge often called in friends to sit with him on the woolsack.

The late Irving Browne, in a paper called "The Curiosities of the Law," tells how at the close of court the English magistrate in the twelfth century ordered a portion of grog to be given to every person present, this being passed over the bar by the barristers, the desire being to send everyone away happy and to prove to all parties that the judge acted without prejudice. It will thus be seen that the barroom and the bar of justice are nearly related. In fact, the first barroom was a courtroom.

When a young man was admitted to the bar it meant that he could go on either side of the bar at will.

CLUBWOMEN TO RESCUE.

They Have Supplied a New Field to the Teacher of Elocution.

The occupation of the woman elocutionist might be gone altogether but for a new field for her talents that has recently come into existence.

The day of speaking pieces is past. Young ladies no longer rise in the drawing rooms to recite: "Of all the operas that Verdi wrote," or to intone "Lorraine, Lorraine, Loree." Even at school commencements there is no place on the programme for the old-fashioned recitation.

The elocutionists, therefore, might have been very hard up for work had there not arisen a new demand for their services. It was created by the women's clubs.

When women want to deliver a speech with great effectiveness they learn it by heart and the teacher of elocution does the rest. She teaches them how to deliver its periods in the most effective way and how to hurl its peroration at the bonnets of the assembly in manner certain to arouse enthusiasm.

Elocution was a declining art until the clubwomen came to its rescue.

Halley's Comet in Four Years.

The next important comet to be expected within our range of vision will appear in 1910. It is known as Halley's comet and its first recorded appearance was in 11 B. C., since when it has appeared regularly every 76 years. Prof. Pickering, of Harvard, explains that the earth has a cometary tail of its own at certain times. This tail is composed of those great auroras that sometimes envelop the earth's polar regions.

USED MAP FOR A WEAPON.

Unrolled with a Quick Flip, It Frightened a Tiger Into the Jungle.

While a well-known local surveyor, who had been kept out late at work at night, was driving in a 'rikisha along Tampenis road, his 'rikisha coolie suddenly dropped the shafts and ran for his life into the edge of the jungle, relates the Straits Budget.

On peering into the darkness (the vehicle was not carrying a light) the gentleman saw a large creature standing in the middle of the road. He got out of the 'rikisha and went toward the beast, thinking it some large dog that had frightened the coolie. When within six or seven yards away he perceived that the obstructor of the path was a large tiger.

He had no weapon except a large district survey map rolled up. He saw the futility of attempting to disable the tiger with the rolled-up map, but a thought struck him that he might manage to frighten it by means of his roll. Suddenly he enrolled it with a quick flip, spreading it to its full area of four or five feet square. With a single bound the tiger cleared off into the jungle.

The next thing was to find the coolie, who eventually was discovered in a state of collapse in the ditch. He was quite unable to pull his fare back, and it was not until three or four miles had been traversed that he recovered sufficiently to drive the European home.

JAPANESE AS SERVANTS.

Are Willing to Do Half the Work of Others Employed with Them.

Japanese servants long ago won, by their industry and efficiency, the respect of their American employers, else they would not be able to get salaries that range from $50 to $75 a month. Their yellow servants of other races are just as appreciative of their abilities. They know that they can be relied on to do their own work and all that the other servants neglect.

It is surprising to see how much a Japanese will do of the work that five or six maids are hired to accomplish in a house. He will help the parlor maid at her duties one minute and the next will find him assisting the waitress to set the table. He is not above helping a chamber maid to clean the rooms and he loves to help the laundress to carry the bundles of clothes upstairs. He is delighted to run errands for the cook and is amiable enough to help the kitchen maid to peel potatoes when she is late at her work.

All this aid and comfort to his fellow servants is given with no neglect of his master's business. So there is nothing for the housekeeper to say against his varied efficiencies.

He does, however, have the effect of making servants more lazy and careless than before. He usually does about half their work.

Norway in Scotland.

Few people are aware of the fact that the Orkney and Shetland islands, strictly speaking, belong to the kingdom of Norway, a circumstance which has been recalled by the recent events at Christiania. Towards the close of the fifteenth century King Christian of Norway pledged the Orkneys and the Shetlands, over which his rule was undisputed, to King James III. of Scotland for the payment of the dowry of his daughter Margaret, who became queen of Scotland. The pledge has not yet been redeemed.

HOW CHOCTAWS HUNT DEER

Hounds Run Animal to Cover and the Indians Kill It with a Stone.

A better illustration of the primitive methods of the Choctaw Indian hunters could not be given than the following story, as told by eye witnesses of the feat:

A squad of huntsmen had been hunting nearly six hours one day, just before the first fall of snow. The mountains and valleys were covered by a heavy frost. A deer which had evidently been shot had just passed down the mountain and headed for the creek half a mile below. The hunters followed the scent as fast as possible.

Reaching the heavy growth of brush and trees which swept the bank of the stream, they saw a young Indian riding right toward the creek. Several hounds were baying, and when they approached closer they saw that the dogs had run the deer to cover. He was a beauty, and presented a grand sight as he backed into the creek from the great red rocks, with the pack of hungry Indian dogs following him and barking loudly. The Indian quickly sprang from his pony and picked up a stone about the size of a baseball. He drew back deliberately, just like a crack baseball pitcher, and then hurled the stone through the air.

He struck the deer squarely between the eyes and down the animal fell in a foot of water. Like a cat, Quick Eye, as the Indian was called, rushed to its side and pulled the dogs off. The stone had done its work. As though it was a usual occurrence, the Indian picked up the carcass, tossed it over his shoulder and carried it over to his horse, after which he rode toward his home.

CAPITALISTIC PAUPERS.

Many Who Have Posed as Beggars Found at Death to Have Been Possessed of Riches.

If a census of the people in the metropolis who possessed comfortable fortunes, but lived practically as beggars, were compiled, it is probable that these misers would number several thousands. But these people lived in obscure byways of the city, and only death reveals their curious lives to the public eye, says a New York letter. Within the last week two of these eccentrics have died whose cases attracted more than usual attention. One of them, Miss Mary Corsa, was found dead from starvation at her home in a dilapidated old mansion in the upper part of the city, with some $200,000 in cash and deeds for several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property besides stowed away in her garret. The other eccentric was an old ragpicker, Thomas McNally, who was found dead in the streets, clothed in mean rags, with 29 bank books, aggregating deposits of $45,000, strapped about his body. McNally's father, a junkman, died 20 years ago and left him and his two sisters, Mary and Bridget, $30,000. McNally put the money in various banks, took a back room in a squalid tenement for himself and another for his sisters, and became a ragpicker. His sisters also were sent out to delve among ash cans. The three never spoke to any of their neighbors. They lived on two bags of rolls a day. Last summer Bridget died, and when Thomas saw the undertaker putting a cheap black rag on the door he growled: "Take it away; it costs too much." Now that he, in turn, is dead, Mary is leaving the money in the bank, and still goes out with her rag sack every morning.

TIPPING SYSTEM IN INDIA.

There Is Always a Multitude of Servants with the Eager Extended Hand.

In the first place, when we arrive in a town, our baggage is carried from the train to a carriage by four coolies. I have seen no baggage wagons here; the custom is for a second-class carriage to handle the baggage, on top, relates E. W. Howe, in Atchison Globe.

Arrived at the hotel, the baggage is carried to our room by four coolies. Then there is the table waiter, the room man, the scavenger, the man who brings hot water, and the man who does this, that and the other. Of course, the driver of your carriage expects a tip, in addition to his fee, as does the footman who rides behind. I have said nothing of the men who are constantly in front of your room offering to sell you a snake, tell your fortune, make a tree grow out of the ground, make music or perform athletics. Nor have I mentioned the man who appears and presents you with flowers, to reappear with a demand for pay when you are ready to depart.

When I settled my bill at the Benares hotel the clerk and the manager sat side by side. The clerk made out the bill and I paid it, whereupon the clerk gave it to a servant to carry to the manager, who receipted it and sent it back to me by the servant. The clerk might have handed the bill to the manager; the manager might have handed it to me. But that is the custom over here, and as it has been the custom thousands of years, I won't attempt to change it on this hurried trip.

THE INDIAN AT SCHOOL.

Displays Surprising Timidity, Yet Sometimes Excels White Pupils.

A teacher in the Indian schools says that the difference between red children and white are many, but that the similarities are more.

"The most striking difference," he says, "was the excessive timidity of the Indian children. It seems to be a racial characteristic and one of the hardest things for the teacher to overcome; indeed, I do not know that we want to overcome it entirely.

"The Indian child learns those things which are in his scope as readily as the white child, but we need not wonder that he does not readily solve a problem in compound numbers even after by dint of repeated drill he has committed the tables. He has never had occasion to measure surface or contents, therefore again we need not wonder that it is hard for him to understand that a piece of land is so many rods across or that it will take so many feet of lumber to build a bin large enough to hold so many bushels of corn or potatoes.

"On the other hand, take penmanship or drawing, which are the result of manu-mental training, and the Indian child equals and excels the white child. The white child enters school at the age of six or seven and as he can already talk English quite fluently, he can soon be taught to recognize the written words he already knows orally.

"When the six-year-old Indian child comes in he cannot understand a word of your language and you cannot speak a word to him in his own tongue. He must necessarily learn some English words before he can read and he must learn to read before he can learn much of anything else. Consequently while he is thus getting ready to learn, the white child is learning, his mind is expanding and he develops into a thinking man some years ahead of his dusky brother."

RAILROADING IN JAPAN.

Ideas Borrowed from America Are Being Put Into New Operations.

The mikado has borrowed his ideas of railroading from his two greatest friends—John Bull and Uncle Sam. Japanese railroad engineers have received their education in England or America, and many within the last year have visited this country's shops and plants to renew acquaintances with the best railroad practice. Japan is physically unsuited to great railroad development, since the mountain systems break it up into many small districts; so the railroads have to climb steep grades or cut through mountains or skirt their bases. At one point where a mountain range has to be crossed there is a rise of 1,138 feet in less than 12 miles. Here the best American mogul engines are used and perform their herculean work with general satisfaction. American locomotives are gradually displacing the old type of engines that were designed in England, Germany and the home shops. More English coaches with side doors are used than the American type, but the latter is steadily making head way. A locomotive building and repair shop is established at Kobe, where several good consolidation engines have been made. The plant was largely of an experimental nature, but it is now working overtime to supply the demand. The most recent orders are compound two cylinder engines weighing 49 tons. Their completion was regarded as a great day for Japan, and their maiden trips were made amid a good deal of public enthusiasm. But while this plant has performed some excellent work and is likely to have duplicates in other parts of the Sunrise kingdom, it is not likely Japan can depend on home manufacture for some time to come. A complete reorganization of railroad systems is now contemplated.

LECTURE ON "BEN HUR"

Attracts Large Company To Middle Street Baptist Church

The lecture at the Middle Street Baptist Church on Wednesday by Rev. Nathan Bailey called out a very large audience and was much enjoyed. Mr. Bailey had before been heard in this city and the memory of his previous lecture was sufficient to insure a great number of hearers on his second visit.

The subject on Wednesday evening was "Ben Hur" and the speaker gave a most graphic description of the scenes and incidents of the famous religious novel. He actually seemed to make Ben Hur and his companions in Lew Wallace's great story live.

Mr. Bailey is a public speaker of more than ordinary talent and he gave to his subject a human interest that made his lecture most fascinating.

Colored illustrations thrown upon a screen by W. I. Trafton's stereopticon added much to the pleasure of the audience. The chariot race, the scene at the moment when the Savior healed the mother and sister of Ben Hur and the other graphic incidents of the story were vividly portrayed.

The lecture consumed an hour and a half and listening to it and seeing the illustrations was the next best thing to actually witnessing the production of "Ben Hur" on the stage.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE

The New Ontario Act Comes Into Force Today

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 28—Canada's new Sunday observance law, known as the Lord's day act, comes into operation tomorrow and will be enforced for the first time next Sunday.

While the law provides for a strict observance of the day, it is not calculated to work any particular hardship on any class.

The act says "it shall not be lawful for any person on the Lord's day, except as provided herein or in any provincial act or law now or hereafter in force, to sell or offer for sale or purchase any goods, chattels, or other personal property, or any real estate, or to carry on or transact any business of his ordinary calling, or in connection with such calling, or for gain to do, or employ any other person to do, on that day any work, business or labor."

It is expressly stated, however, that works of necessity and mercy are not prohibited. This permits of the sale of drugs and medicines, the conduct of the passenger business of the railroads, the transmission of telegrams and telephone messages, the care and handling of perishable products and live animals, any emergency work to save property from destruction or serious injury, the carrying of the mails and the work of domestic servants and watchmen.

All games, performances and entertainments at which an admission fee is charged are prohibited. The sale of newspapers, both foreign and domestic, is prohibited. Street car traffic, except in the case of international or inter-provincial lines now in operation, will be unlawful.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The sun will have to shine very brightly for a long time to melt the ice on some of the streets.

Everybody's friend—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures toothache, earache, sore throat. Heals cuts, bruises, scalds. Stops any pain.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

THE MAMMOTH PLANT OF THE FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Is open to the people of New England and the World to inspect its plant and to see the actual workings of an Up-To-Date Brewery.

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PORTSMOUTH HALF STOCK ALE.
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MUSIC HALL
F. W. HARTFORD - - - - - MANAGER

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Monday, March 4.

B. C. Whitney's Musical Cocktail

Piff! Paff! Pouf!

Prices $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c.

See Boston Criticisms.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1907

A GOLDEN SORROW

The Thaw case leads us to quote Shakespeare:

"I swear 'tis better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow."

WHY CALIFORNIA WAITS

California is now willing to wait for Congress to act on the Japanese question. Californian willingness is a virtue of necessity.—Concord Monitor.

From the Concord Monitor, the above is surprising. The Californians have already regulated the Jap question to their own satisfaction. It is now certain Republican leaders who are to be pleased. The United States government's appeal to the courts against the separate schools having failed, the Californians are sufficiently magnanimous to help the administration out of possible embarrassment in spite of the attempt to embarrass them. That the Jap question does not greatly affect us in New Hampshire is no reason why we should underestimate its importance in a sister state, though a continent's breadth is between us.

OUR SHIPPING

During the cyear 1903 not one American ship entered or cleared from a single port in Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Austria-Hungary, Greece or the Netherlands.

We have the largest navigable coast line on earth and we have also the largest export trade on earth and relatively the smallest merchant marine.

Last year we paid in freights to ocean-going ships $200,000,000. We carried only seven percent. of this in American ships, the balance going to foreigners, of $180,000,000 in gold going out of the country in one year for that item alone.

In 1821 we carried eighty-eight percent. of our own foreign commerce. In 1903 we carried seven percent. Yet during that period the total volume of our commerce had increased twenty fold.

Whither are we tending? The question is easily answered. What shall we do? That is easily answered, too, if the congressmen will only act independently of questionable influences.

OUR EXCHANGES

Science

She leads the sea through hills of Darien,
And brings the east and west to every door,
With silent influence drawing more and more
Into close brotherhood the tribes of men.
She holds the trail of Pain to his secret den;
The dim process of being dares explore,
Spells slowly out on mountain, rock and shore
The syllables of God to mortal ken.
She yet may sail from vague, cloud-builded piers,
And lay along the darkness and the wind
A cable vast which world to world shall bind:
Breathless may catch the deep, slow speech of Mars.
Now, haply, passing on from outer spheres
The grave, tremendous message of the stars.

—Henry Jerome Stockard in Harper's Weekly.

Try It, Win

Can't Col. Churchill give us another New Hampshire novel with a sheriff for a hero?—Boston Herald.

And North Pole Hunting, Too

Lieut. Peary intends to make another desperate effort to reach the North Pole. Rainbow-chasing is all right when it is done in the interest of science.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Dead Heroes Are Honored, Anyway

Perhaps if Capt. McVey lives to be a hundred years old he will have cause to revise his opinion that a live dog is better than a dead lion.—Biddeford Journal.

Our Speedy Senate

The Senate has ratified the Santo Domingo treaty. We had almost forgotten it.—Springfield News.

Similar, at Any Rate

"Explosive insanity" must be like the man who didn't know it was loaded, or the man who rocks the boat.—Portland Express.

More Civilized Now

In Biblical times they stoned the apostles. Nowadays, they simply raise the rent.—Lowell Mail.

NO MORE FOR HIM

Leavitt Will Not Again Try the Marriage Game

Judge Pike on Wednesday granted a divorce to Willie M. Leavitt, a farmer of Nottingham, from his wife, Mamie J. Leavitt. Leavitt said that for fourteen years he had been "keen on getting married," but promised never to try it again if the judge would let him off this time.

Leavitt said that he was lonesome on his farm and advertised for a wife. Failing to receive any applications, he came to this city and made inquiries at an employment office. The manager of the office referred him to the officers of the Salvation Army and they introduced him to Mamie J. Varrell, who consented to marry Leavitt at once.

Leavitt complained of his wife's conduct, saying that his suspicions were early aroused. He objected to her habit of absenting herself for days at a time.

Mrs. Leavitt did not contest the application for divorce.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Fire quarters were sounded shortly before eleven o'clock today (Thursday). The fire department made good time and showed up decidedly well.

It has been demonstrated that the Portsmouth naval station is one of the most healthy locations owned by the government and should be the place for the largest hospital in the service. The Spanish prisoners and the marines who did the fighting at Guantanamo were sent here to recuperate and President Roosevelt could find no better place for the peace conference. All this goes to show that the navy department should favor Portsmouth when it is selecting a site for a large hospital.

The department has received a wireless message from the battleship Connecticut, dated at sea Wednesday night. The ship was off Cape Hatteras and the dispatch said that all of the typhoid fever patients on board were doing well.

The stores are being removed from the Austria to the old general store building as rapidly as possible, in order that the crew may be sent away. Report has it that Capt. Braunersreuther may be transferred to the receiving ship Southery.

With the Austria tied up here out of commission, some of the other ships will have to be moved to the back channel, to make room on the water front.

OBSEQUIES

The funeral of Mrs. Phila Murray was held at two o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Winslow Amazeen, in New Castle, Rev. Mr. Gardner of the Court Street Church, this city, officiating. Interment was in Riverside cemetery, Undertaker H. W. Nickerson in charge.

THE THEATRICAL FOLK

Miss Bloodgood as "Bedalia"

Lisle Bloodgood has the role of "Bedalia" in B. C. Whitney's "Piff, Paff Pouf", which will be seen at Music Hall next Monday evening and it is said that she is the most artistic "Bedalia" this piece has ever had. Miss Bloodgood has the reputation of remaining amonog Broadway productions longer than any other one individual playing character parts in her early days. At one time she was playing in different New York productions for over seven years, not leaving New York. She is the wife of the late Harry Bloodgood, the minstrel king of this country fifteen years ago.

Scene from Piff Paff Pouf.

Better Than Last Year

There is no doubt that Music Hall will be crowded to its utmost capacity, when the great success of last season is again presented at the local playhouse. The piece referred to is Rev. John Snyder's play, "As Ye Sow," produced under the efficient supervision of William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer. Messrs. Briday and Grismer have gone to an enormous expense this season to make the production bigger, better and greater in every respect than last season. The mechanical effects have been in the hands of the wizard, Cruger, a man who is known in New York City as the Edison of the theatrical world.

"'Way Down East

"'Way Down East" at the Boston Theatre is playing to the customary large and enthusiastic audiences. Next Monday evening it will enter upon the third and final week of its engagement.

Probably no play of the same character has been so successful or quite so popular. For ten years it has been before the public, and as yet it has shown no sign of having outlived its usefulness as a drawing card.

There is nothing lacking in the present production of "Way Down East" to make it as complete as in other years; in fact, its scenic investiture surpasses that of former years. The cast, too, is an exceptionally strong one, containing as it does the names of many of the original members. Phoebe Davis impersonates Anna Moore with the same delicacy and skill as ever, and the balance of the company is remarkably capable. There are Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS

P. and L. Stock Increase

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 28—At a special meeting in this city today, the stockholders of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad will act favorably on a proposed increase in the company's common capital stock from $10,000,000 to $30,000,000. The Pittsburg and Lake Erie which, through the Lake Shore, is controlled by the New York Central, finds itself in need of largely increased facilities for handling traffic, and the proceeds of the new stock issue are intended to provide these facilities.

Mgr. Kennedy to Visit Parents

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 28—Monsignor Kennedy, rector of the American College at Rome and, according to recent rumor, a probable member of the College of Cardinals at no distant date, is expected to arrive in Philadelphia tomorrow. It will be his first visit to America in several years. The chief purpose of his coming at this time is to attend the golden wedding celebration of his parents, who reside at Conshohocken. Among the gifts which Mgr. Kennedy brings to his aged father and mother is the special blessing of Pope Pius X.

Michigan Democrats Meet

Flint, Mich., Feb. 28—Michigan Democrats will asemble in state convention here today and will be called to order shortly after ten o'clock this morning by Chairman Winship of the state central committee. The work of the convention is to nominate candidates for justice for the supreme court and regents of the state university, to be voted for at the Spring election.

New Orleans To Have Hanging

New Orleans, La., Feb. 28.—Unless there is unexpected interference on the part of the governor or the courts, New Orleans will have a legal hanging tomorrow. The condemned man is James Ray Hogan and the crime for which he is to pay the death penalty has been considered one of the most atrocious on record in this city. His victim was Christopher Brigtsen, a stave cutter. According to Hogan's confession he and Brigtsen were drinking the day of the murder, Nov. 15, 1905, and the killing resulted from Brigtsen's refusal to buy another drink. Hogan was found next morning, his clothes covered with blood. He was placed on trial April 23, 1905, and was convicted three days later. He was sentenced to be hanged last June, but was granted a respite. In November the supreme court denied his application for a new trial. He then sought to be declared insane, but a commission appointed by the court declared he was of a sound mind. A plea for a commutation of sentence was equally futile and a month ago Governor Blanchard fixed upon tomorrow as the date of execution.

Wage Advance For 21,000

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 28.—The greatest increase in wages that the Pennsylvania coke region has known in years will become operative tomorrow, benefiting thousands of employes and amounting in the aggregate to an increased distribution of several million dollars a year. The advance amounts to twleve and one half per cent for mining, ten per cent for drawing coke and fifteen cents a-day to drivers, rope riders cagers and track layers, with a proportinate raise for other classes of labor.

Parcels Post With Equador

Washington, Feb. 28.—A parcels post convention, similar to the agreements already in force between the United States and the chief countries of Europe, will be put into force tomorrow between the United States and Equador. Under its provisions paskages may hereafter be exchanged between the two countries at the following rates of postage, prepaid: In the United States on packages for Equador, twenty cents for each pound or fraction of a pound; in Equador on parcels for the United States 50 milesimos of an Equdorian condor, gold, for each pound or fraction. Parcels post for Equador will be made up at New York and San Francisco.

Tommy Ryan vs. Hugo Kelly

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 28—Fight followers hereabouts are on the tiptoe of expectation in anticipation of the bout between Tommy Ryan and Hugo Kelly, which is to be pulled off tonight in the arena of the Rochester Athletic Club. It is the first time in a good many years that the sporting element has had an opportunity to greet Ryan, who is a native of this section, and they are expected to turn out en masse to see the holder of the middle-weight title in action. While Kelley is believed to be hardly the fighter to wrest the title from Ryan he is a fast fighter and a hard slugger and is counted upon to give the champion an interesting argument for at least six rounds, which is to be the limit of the fight. Eddie McBride of Buffalo has been selected to referee the contest.

SPOKE IN BOSTON

Rev. C. LeV. Brine Delivered Sermon in Church There

Rev. C. LeV. Brine of Christ Church, this city, spoke at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Boston, on Wednesday. His subject was "Life Must Have a Purpose" and in part he spoke as follows:

"The sin of anger usually has its root in the sin of pride. We get angry because our pride has been hurt. If we were humble we should not feel irritated. Love is the great antidote to pride, for 'love is not puffed up'; love is also the great antidote to anger, for 'love is not easily provoked.'

"Anger shows itself under three aspects in thought and word and deed, and it flows almost irresistibly from thought to word, from word to deed.

"Anger makes a man slave to his temper; hinders spiritual growth; makes interior peace impossible. It causes perhaps the greatest amount of unhappiness to others. It destroys the peace of domestic, social, business and church life."

FUNERAL NOTICE

Funeral services of Mrs. Hannah L. Barker will be held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles E. Pickering in Stratham, Friday afternoon at one o'clock. Friends invited.

AN Attractive Contract

The Travellers Ins. Co. is offering to Preferred Risks a $5000.00 Accident Policy, which at the end of five years becomes worth $7,500.00 and at same time insures the Beneficiary for $5000.00 while travelling, weekly indemnity which would be paid the insured under the double benefit is $50.00 a week, not exceeding 400 weeks.

The Annual Premium for such a Contract is only $25.00. The Travelers Ins. Co., being the largest Accident Co. in the World, it is reasonable to presume that its Contracts are the most liberal.

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FOR SALE—Large bank desk, formerly used at Portsmouth Savings Bank. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

PLACARDS—For Sale, To Let, Furnished Rooms, etc., can be had at the Chronicle office.

FOR SALE—Electric motors; one 12 horse power, one 3 horse power. Inquire at this office.

PRINTING—Get estimates from the Chronicle on all kinds of work.

WHIST SCORE CARDS—For sale at this office

FOR SALE—House of six rooms, 1 Manning street. Apply at 9 South street. F7hc 3w

FOR SALE—A dozen second hand doors. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

FOR SALE—Beach lot at Wallis Sands, fronting on beach. Address B. F. D., this office. ch18tf

FOR SALE—Quantity of iron grating such as is used in banks. Inquire at this office. ch15tf

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REVERE HOUSE
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Suites of large parlor, chamber and private bath, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.
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Every time you neglect backache, allow the kidneys to become clogged,

Fail to cure urinary disorders,

You get nearer the brink of Bright's disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills will save you from danger.

Proof of it in Portsmouth testimony.

A. S. Woodward, grocer, of 35 Congress St., Portsmouth, N. H., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are all they are claimed to be. Before using them I had severe backaches which were very distressing if I caught the least cold. I also had a kidney weakness which was annoying. I was different after I used Doan's Kidney Pills, for the backache disappeared, and the trouble with the kidney secretions was much relieved. I have recommended your medicine to my friends and I know it is up to the representations made for it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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WHEN FATHER IS "IT."

When it rains all day or the weather is rough,
And dull in the house we sit,
There's fun to be had playing blind man's buff
When father is "It."

We tie the big handkerchief over his eyes
He moves very quick for a man of his size,
And knows where we are by our laughter and cries,
When father is "It."

The little girls creep up and tickle his ears,
When father is "It."
He doesn't quite catch them, but comes pretty near,
When father is "It."

They pull at his coat tails—he gives a great start,
Then spins around twice and is off like a dart,
We dive 'neath his fingers with loud-beating heart,
When father is "It."

He whoops and he prances, he capers and bounds,
When father is "It."
We're a set of wild heathen, to judge by the sounds,
When father is "It."

Tom laughs till he has to lie down on the floor,
And Archie and Joe—you should just hear them roar,
For we feel that we simply can't stand any more
When father is "It."

—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

The Ghost in Scarlet

By CHARLES S. FRENCH

"BETTER take the old Springfield musket and plenty of ammunition," said Judd Tompkins to his brother Todd, whose turn it was to boil maple sap that night. "A bear was seen today at Wellington, not two miles from here, and coming this way."

"All right, Judd. I'll take the Springfield just to gratify you, but I expect a visit from a bear as little as I do a call from that grenadier's ghost. By the way, all well-bred ghosts that I have ever heard of were clad in white. I don't take any stock in a ghost that wears a scarlet uniform. As to the bear, the day has been foggy, and probably some Wellington child has been frightened by a calf."

"The grenadier's ghost" was a favorite subject of banter between the brothers. The legend that the wooded valley below the Tompkins home was haunted by the ghost of a British soldier had been handed down from generation to generation in the Tompkins family, losing nothing on the way, ever since Burgoyne's captive hosts had marched past there on their way from Saratoga to Boston.

Judd Tompkins believed that he had seen the apparition of the stalwart grenadier one beautiful June night, marching with stately tread through the shadowy aisles of the old maple woods. Todd, perhaps because there was less imagination in his nature, made sport of the "scarlet ghost" at every opportunity.

Down through the deep woods, where giant spruce and hemlock trees interwove their branches with ancient beeches and maple, walked Todd, accompanied by the two dogs—Major, a Newfoundland, and Carlo, a shepherd's dog.

The brothers had inherited from their father this farm, one of the best on the Green mountains, under certain restrictions. The farm was a large one, one mile long from north to south, and three-fourths of a mile wide. It had been owned by the Tompkins family, its boundaries unchanged, for more than a century. The north end, on moderately high land, containing most of the cultivated ground, was bordered on all sides by a belt of timber 40 rods wide, which, except windfalls and dead trees, the brothers were not at liberty to cut until it reached a large size. Near the south end of the farm, which dipped down into a deep ravine, was laid out a 80-acre tract, originally covered with spruce trees, stones and bowlders, which in the clearing, the trees felled, roots and stones and bowlders removed, [illegible] plowed deeply.

[illegible] a Herculean task. Several [illegible] of the Tompkins family had [illegible] their energies upon it, and [illegible] far and near as the "Tompkins folly." Although the land when [illegible] yielded enormous crops, the [illegible] were far too great. No reason was [illegible] for the extravagance, except that one Tompkins generations ago had carried the boundaries of the clearing, and the obligation to continue the work had descended from father to son under an impression that the family honor required it.

Judd was more contented than Todd. He loved farming, and had married and brought his wife to the old homestead. Judd longed to remove to the city, and certain dainty epistles which found their way weekly to the farm would have gratified, could they have been put in evidence, that another was quite as anxious as he for his freedom. But until the 80-acre tract was cleared neither of the brothers was at liberty to sell out, even to the other, or to leave the farm. The promise to their father was a verbal one, but the brothers respected it as if it were written in the deed.

To-night Todd tended the fires, filled the boiling-pans with sap, and between times rested upon a rough bench near the sugar-house door.

At midnight the dogs were uneasy; Major was growling, Carlo barking. Todd jumped up.

It was a beautiful night; a full moon rode overhead, white clouds floating lazily past it. The sap from a thousand maples was dropping slowly into the tin buckets in all parts of the wood, making melody to the ear attuned to hear it, and a wildcat was snarling, down toward the ravine.

"Come, let us get him!" said Todd to the dogs, after he had tended the fires.

As they passed under the thick dark branches of a spruce tree the cat pounced upon Carlo. There was a rough-and-tumble fight, the two rolling out into a patch of moonlight, where Carlo released his hold and came limping and whining to his master, who promptly dispatched the wildcat the instant the dog was out of the way.

But where was Major? Reloading his musket, Todd peered cautiously about. Soon he heard a growl which was not that of a dog. On the very edge of the ravine was the Wellington bear, with Major facing him at a respectful distance. Todd took aim. At such short range there was not the slightest excuse for a poor shot. With a bullet from the Springfield through his brain, brain leaped, or rather fell, down the ravine. Over and over he tumbled until his clumsy bulk was wedged between a granite bowlder and a big basswood tree.

"I guess you'll be safe there until morning, and it'll take the oxen to pull your carcass out of there then," said Todd.

Returning to the sugar-house he passed through a corner of the 80-acre clearing.

"The Tompkins Folly, indeed!" he exclaimed. "It will take two years more to finish this monumental piece of foolishness. But we promised father, and there is an end of it."

Once more he performed his regular round of duties at the sugar-house, and tried to snatch a little rest. He was very tired, and soon, without intending to do so, he fell asleep.

Presently a hand touched his shoulder. Before him stood the grenadier, who beckoned him to follow. The moon was now well to the westward, and but little of its light struggled through the tree-tops. But Todd kept in sight of the scarlet uniform, and followed the figure which cast no shadow and left no footprints. Soon they stood at the foot of Pulpit Rock, which the grenadier climbed, and then bent down to reach underneath a shelf which jutted out from the main rock. He reached upward, and seemed to find a secret niche, from which he drew a parcel, which he examined and then replaced.

Day was just breaking when Todd awoke, frightened at finding that he had dropped asleep. The maple-sirup was perilously near burning. From its nail by the sugar-house door he took down the dinner horn which he used to signal his brother at the farm house. One long blast was blown, then three short ones, which meant to Judd, "Bring the oxen."

"Do you want me to gather the sap?" asked a voice at the door a few moments later.

"No, Judd; I thought you would all like some bearsteak for breakfast, that's why I called so early," was the reply.

Half an hour later, with their game loaded, they were passing Pulpit Rock, when Todd called a halt.

"What! Have you more game here?" asked Judd.

"Nothing only a hint which I got from dreaming of your scarlet ghost last night," replied Todd, who was now examining the rock.

At first he could find no opening; then, crouching down under the rocky shelf, and feeling every inch of surface, he found a small opening upward, barely large enough to admit his hand, but dark as a pocket and suggestive of snakes and other vile things, and enlarging above into a cavity a foot or more in diameter. From this, after a few moments, he withdrew a moldy and unclean object, which he brought to his brother, and they examined it together.

The outer wrapping, of leather, fell apart almost at their touch; a second wrapping, also of leather, was in better condition; the kernel of all, a number of £100 Bank of England notes, was perfectly preserved.

"Not a drop of water could reach that little natural vault," said Todd, "else these would have been destroyed half a century ago."

At breakfast Grandfather Tompkins, whose faculties were wonderfully alert in spite of his 99 odd years, surprised the family by his comment on Todd's discovery.

"This seems to be the proper time," he said, "for me to give the history of the scarlet ghost. On the night when a portion of Burgoyne's captured army, on the march eastward, was quartered in a barn not far from here, a party was hunting in the woods below. Daniel Tompkins, then only a boy, was sure that he caught a glimpse of a figure in scarlet and hearing a spade beyond Pulpit Rock. When he told his companions later they only laughed at him, as the British were well guarded, although it is notorious that many of the patriot guard had partaken so freely of New England rum that a prisoner might easily have eluded them. When Daniel came into possession of the farm, a few years latter, he staked out the 80-acre tract within whose limits he believed treasure had been hidden. As the object of the clearing has been accomplished, you boys are excused from further work upon it."

I make this extract from a letter traveling from the farm to a near-by city:

"Now, my dear, I see no reason why you may not set the date. Meanwhile be kind enough to visit us, as I cannot rightly leave Judd in 'sugaring,' the busiest time of the year. There was nothing ghostly about those crocks. We have received $12,000 in exchange for them, and Judd and I have made a settlement. He takes the farm and $2,000; I receive $10,000. TODD."—Farm and Fireside.

Photos on Finger-Nails.

The newest fad for the ultra-fashionable and superdevoted young Frenchman is to have the picture of "the best beloved woman in the world" photographed on the nail of the little finger of his right hand.

The nail picture is made by a very delicate photographic process, and it is reliable, so some young women who are certainly loved and can never have enough have had the picture of their sweethearts photographed on their finger nails.

It Was Worth That Counted

By THOMAS B. MONTFORT

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE Cliftons were of the proudest of the proud old families of the south. They were Kentuckians, and everybody who knows the Kentuckian of quality knows how proud he is of himself, his state and his family name.

Of all the members of this proud old family Col. Joe Clifton was probably the haughtiest and most exclusive. The line with which he had encircled himself, separating his friends and associates from the common run of humanity, was very narrow, and there were few who were able to get inside of it. Neither wealth nor worth were sufficient to gain admission for an aspirant unless they were backed by a clean family pedigree.

Col. Joe had only one child—a daughter. Her name was Emily. She was young, beautiful and talented, and, further, she was the apple of the colonel's eye. He loved her with a love that was almost idolatrous, and as she grew up it was with a feeling of bitter sadness that he began to look forward to the time when she would leave him.

"It would not be so bad," he once observed, "if she could find a man halfway worthy of her. But that is impossible. Even among the best and highest families of old Kentucky there is not a man who is worthy of a smile from her lips."

In time the colonel began to cast about for a man to whom he could entrust his daughter with as much as a moderate degree of satisfaction. He ran the whole gamut of his acquaintances, and finally, after weighing each one carefully and well, decided on one who, while he fell far short of the colonel's requirements, still came nearer than any of the others to filling them.

This man was Maj. Buck, an easy going scion of a race of aristocrats. He was poor, but too proud to demean himself so far as to improve his conditions by work. He was several years older than Miss Emily, and there were some other disparagements between them, but he had a good family record, and that answered for the rest.

When he thought the proper time had arrived for the major and Emily to meet, Col. Clifton sent the former an invitation to visit him. The major gladly accepted, for to him a few weeks' or a few months' good, free living was a matter of some moment. His acceptance was as prompt as anyone could have asked, but it was very little more prompt than his own appearance at the Clifton home.

In the meantime, Miss Emily, setting less store by family name than her father did, had found the acquaintance of a young fellow named Ben Smith. The Smiths, in the language of one of Col. Clifton's old negroes, "was des 'bout de porest an' onerfest ob all de no-count white trash." And as for family honor and quality, they never stopped to consider such things.

But in spite of his connection Ben was a most worthy young man. He was honest, industrious, sober and ambitious. In his way he was proud, too—not of his family or his ancestors, but of his own character and good name.

The acquaintanceship which had sprung up between Emily and Ben Smith had soon ripened into friendship, and, as little as Col. Clifton suspected it, it bid fair to ripen into a much deeper and stronger attachment. The colonel might have had a suspicion of this if by any means he could have conceived how it could be possible that a Clifton could for a moment entertain a thought of falling in love with a man whose family connections were so low and common as those of Ben Smith.

It wasn't long after Maj. Buck's arrival when he began to "make eyes" at Emily. The colonel noticed this and he was greatly pleased. Emily noticed it, too, but if she was pleased she did not show it. She was not smiling on him now, and all the time she was meeting Ben Smith.

Finally the major told the colonel that he would like to pay court to Miss Emily with a view of winning her for his wife. The colonel replied that he was willing, and, furthermore, undertook to convey to Emily the major's wishes. This was in accordance with an old custom of the "first families," and was no doubt quite proper; but, unfortunately for the major, Ben Smith was not bound by custom, and, instead of asking the colonel to convey his wishes to Miss Emily, he conveyed them himself.

The first opportunity the colonel had of speaking with his daughter in private he said to her:

"Emily, I have a bit of news for you that I am sure will be both pleasant and flattering."

He paused, and after a short wait she said:

"Yes, papa?"

"Maj. Buck, ahem-m, has done me the honor to ask for permission to pay court to you with a view to winning you for his wife," the colonel went on. "It is not surprising, considering your beauty and goodness, but, nevertheless, it is very gratifying."

"To you?" she asked.

"Certainly. And also to you, I hope."

"Then I fear I must disappoint you, papa. I do not care for the major's society at all."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't love him."

"But you can learn to love him. Think of his family! There's no better stock in old Kentucky than the Bucks."

"I don't care if the Bucks were kings, I would not marry the major. I won't marry any man I don't love, and I'll never love Maj. Buck."

"How do you know you won't?"

Emily hesitated a moment, then with her head hot low, she murmured:

"Because I already love another."

"Another!" the colonel exclaimed. "You're joking. You've never met any other gentleman, so you have had no chance to fall in love."

"You are mistaken, papa. I have met another gentleman, and I love him."

Emily lifted her head high and looked her father straight in the eyes. In a steady, firm voice she said:

"The gentleman I love is Ben Smith."

"Ben Smith!" he snorted. "Great Scot, can it be possible I heard aright? Can I believe that a member of the proud family of Cliftons has so far forgot herself as to fall in love with one of those common Smith trash. Ben Smith! My Lord!"

"What's wrong about Ben Smith?" she asked. "Isn't he honest, sober and industrious? Hasn't he worked and scraped and managed every way to get an education so he could teach school? And hasn't he saved his money and gone down to town to study law with Judge Powers?"

"What's wrong with Ben Smith?" he snorted. "Isn't he a Smith, with no more family name than a snake? Isn't that enough?"

"No. I love Ben for what he is, and I don't care anything about his family. I would love him just the same if he never had an ancestor. It's the man, what he is himself, that I care for."

The colonel stormed. He threatened to shoot Ben Smith on sight, and declared he would lock Emily up in a room if he ever knew of her speaking to Ben Smith again. He further declared that she should marry the major in spite of everything.

That very night Emily and Ben Smith met, and she told him of the major's wishes and of the conversation with her father. Ben listened, his face very pale, but his lips set close together.

"It is all right," he said finally. "I have no family record; and I don't know anything about my ancestors, and I care less; but, in spite of all of that, I am a better man than Maj. Buck, and some day I will prove it to your father if we both live. With your love to cheer me on I can face the world with a bold heart, and sweep obstacles from my path as fast as I meet them. And, no matter what anybody says, I am sure of your love for all time."

"Yes, to the end of eternity it is yours," she replied.

"And some day," he went on, "I shall have the right to claim you for my wife."

"You have that right now," she murmured. "I would marry you to-night if you wish it."

He started to take her in his arms, but suddenly checked himself.

"Do not tempt me," he said. "I wish to be honorable and honest, and worthy of your love, but it is not always easy. To make you my wife now would be like stepping into Heaven—if I only had the right. But I must not think of such a thing. There is too wide a difference between us. I will not pull you down to my level, but I will grow up to yours. Some day I will be worthy to claim you, and then I will claim you, but I must prove myself first."

"I will wait for you."

"I know you will, but you will not wait with the impatience I shall."

Time passed and then by and by there began to come little scraps of news to the colonel's ears about things that Ben Smith was doing down at town. First he had been admitted to the bar, then he had won a case of importance after a fight that was marvelous for keen management. Then there were rumors that he was developing into a great orator, and was forging his way to the top in political matters. But all this made little impression on the colonel, and he was still bitterly opposed to the idea of a family alliance with the Smiths.

Maj. Buck, although he had about abandoned all hope of winning Miss Emily, was not averse to making numerous and lengthy visits at the Clifton home. He enjoyed the colonel's society very much, and he enjoyed the colonel's dinners even more. The colonel gave him a warm welcome always, for he still had hopes of having him as a member of the family.

But after awhile the major ceased to make his visits to the colonel, and shortly after that it transpired that the colonel was badly involved financially. When the whole truth came out it was found that the colonel had been going security for the major for large sums of money, and that the major, forgetting his family honor, had gone away leaving his debts for the colonel to pay.

The colonel would have lost everything if Ben Smith had not taken matters in hand, and, by resorting to coercive measures, induced Maj. Buck to pay his own debts. This saved the colonel's possessions, and at the same time it softened his heart toward Ben Smith to such an extent that he reluctantly consented for Emily to marry him. He probably concluded from the constancy of the two young people that this would inevitably happen sooner or later, and thought he might as well give his consent and have it over. It was easy to see, though, that it was by no means pleased, and that he looked down on Ben as a creature very much inferior to himself.

After the marriage things drifted along in the even tenor of their way, Ben and the colonel seeing but little of each other, and the latter seldom mentioning the former's name. All the time, however, Ben was hard at work, building up a law practice and making friends; and he and Emily were quite happy in their great love. They found they could get along very well without the colonel's blessing, although they would have been glad to have had it.

Four or five years passed, then one day the news came that Ben had been elected to congress. Right then and there the colonel gave in and acknowledge that his idea had been all wrong, and that, family or no family, Ben Smith was a great man and worthy to associate with even the Cliftons. In fact, he became proud of Ben, but he would never pronounce Ben's family. When he spoke of him he always referred to him as: "My son-in-law, Mistah Benjamin Smith, sah, a direct descendent of Capt. John Smith, of Old Virginia, sah."

NOT YET

By JOE ANDERSON MORRIS

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

JUDITH had come from the west to New York with mammoth artistic ambitions and crude ideas of morality common to rude, young and unsophisticated countries. She located in a small downtown studio and becoming suddenly afflicted with a homesick loneliness that struck cold to the marrow of her soul commenced to fraternize with whomsoever happened to be available. This was Louise Markham, her nearest neighbor, who occupied a studio on the second floor above. Clinging to her eagerly she inadvertently made a study of her life.

This girl painted little water color sketches of somewhat impossible heads with dreamy eyes too close together and red hats. Sometimes she sold these little pictures, but oftener it appeared that she did not. She kept house in a light way in her studio; and as is the rule in such cases, unless her friends took her out to lunch or dinner, she lived on air.

She was not without a certain charm. Very courteous, with a hoarsely musical voice in which there lurked considerable fascination unless heard too continuously, fortunately for Judith she was bent upon being agreeable, upon starting the western girl off in a society way—if the inhabitants of a building of offices and studios can be called society—advantageously as possible by introducing her as her friend.

Going the rounds with her she lost of all introduced her to Gilbert, another artist of male persuasion.

So far as appearances went he was rather a superior artist. His studio was furnished in a fashion bordering upon elegance, in black oak, the screens and draperies in green to match the canvas with which the walls were covered.

As a matter of fact, judging casually, Judith was almost led to believe that he made money. Either that or he had developed a skill bordering upon the marvelous in the way of borrowing it.

People were never so entertaining to her as upon the occasion of talking about the most interesting possible thing to themselves; but before she had been with him ten minutes she had to acknowledge that Gilbert overdid it. He was so deeply, so astonishingly and profoundly interested in himself the wonder of it was to her that he found time to paint.

And a greater wonder that he could have the heart to waste a moment of that precious time on other people.

And yet it seemed that he found several moments to waste upon Louise. Once, twice, thrice even he paused in his subdued monotone relative to his career artistic, past, present and to come, embracing semi-occasional and brief allusions to various and sundry art editors for whom he had worked, for whom he was engaged in working, and for whom he expected at some future date to work, to point out the merits of his own masterpieces and show her how it was done.

When finally they tore themselves away—he had not half finished his biography, but Judith determined it should wait—and landed safely in the hall, Louise clasped ecstatic hands together and raised her eyes ceilingward.

"Isn't he lovely?" she cried. "Lovely!"

"Lovely enough," assented Judith, "but there is one serious objection to him."

"What?" sharply.

"He is too unselfish. He is wrapped up in the outside world to the exclusion of himself."

"What?" again.

Unhappily Louise did not always understand.

"It is my lunch time," explained Judith. "Will you come out with me?"

"No," refused Louise, with her politely elastic smile. "I will have my lunch in my studio."

Judith suppressed a groan at the thought of those lunches of hers. A wafer and a glass of water. A cracker and a cup of tea. Worse! One day she had found her lunching on burnt potatoes.

A week later she drifted into Judith's studio, not hilariously as was customary with her, but in a depressed way, as if crushed by something.

Judith looked up from her drawing and back again.

"Why aren't you laughing?" she asked her. Ordinarily she laughed.

Judith was homesick enough. Sometimes she was homesick enough to die. Cheerful company in so much as it enlivened her was therefore grateful. But she had to confess that there were moments spent in the society of Louise which she would rather have spent alone.

Louise sat down and swept her hand across her eyes.

"I feel more like crying," said she.

"Why?"

"He is married."

"He? Who?"

"Gilbert."

Judith laid down her work.

"How did you find it out?" interrogated she.

"I asked him accidentally, never for a second thinking he could be, and he told me he was."

"It's a mighty good thing," ruminated Judith, "that you accidentally asked him."

"Why?" quickly.

Judith turned upon her.

"You wouldn't be going about with a married man, would you?" she commanded to know.

Without answering directly, Louise fell to detailing aloud.

"He is so charming," she murmured. "We are so congenial."

"Unmarried people are always congenial," put in Judith.

"We have so much in common, both water color artists."

"If you were married you would be jealous of one another."

"I should never be jealous of him," indignantly. "He is so far above me. And how could he be jealous of me, so far beneath?"

"Marriage seems to change the current of people's lives," declared Judith "and people."

Louise gave a sigh so deep as to fill the studio.

"I don't know what I shall do without him," she lamented. "I don't. He is so helpful. Did you see that morning how he showed me about the colors? How to lay them on. What to do. That is a most unusual thing in an artist. Most of them wouldn't give you a hint if you died for it; but he! I don't know what in the wide world I am to do without him."

Here she buried her face in the pillows and Judith looking on was shocked to see that her shoulders shook.

She left her work, took a seat in the rocking chair, and sat there for some time silent by endeavoring, to the best of her ability, to express her sympathy through the medium of mental telepathy, since she failed to find words.

Bye and bye Louise, lifting herself wearidly up, took out her sidecombs, combed back her hair, put them in again and began to talk.

"Of course," hesitatingly, "I must do without him," she said.

"Considering the unhappiness you might cause his wife," she decided, "I should think you must."

Louise got up and walked the floor for a space, not very far this way or that, for there wasn't room.

Presently:

"Why will these men marry?" she exclaimed.

"Before they have seen us," finished Judith. "It is just as well. If we were their wives they would soon find some other little artists around in studios that they would like better."

The subject had grown in interest. She concluded to give it her undivided attention.

"How would you like to be his wife?" she asked and some day come down and find yourself in his studio?"

Louise stopped walking and stared.

"Find myself in his studio?" she questioned limply.

"I mean find some other girl," Judith hastened to explain.

"I shouldn't like it," she declared.

Then passionately:

"It would kill me!"

"It perhaps affects his wife in exactly the same way," remarked Judith calmly. "She wouldn't be a woman if it didn't. Go on, though, if you must. Then some fine morning she'll discover you. She'll find you in his studio and him gazing at you with those dreamy, shifting artist eyes of his and drop dead in her tracks. And it will be you," finally, "that will be afther havin' that death to answer for, as Philip would say."

Philip was the Irish janitor.

All the laughter had gone out of Louise. Her eyes were sad. Slowly she walked to the door and opened it.

"I'll give him up," she promised, adding reminiscently and with seeming irrelevance, "the lovely little dinners he took me out to!"

Judith observed her in surprise, only half comprehending.

"But," she added quickly, "I'll give him up. I promise you," and the door shut on the word.

As Judith looked out the window at the heartening view of blackened chimneys, she thought:

"An honorable, straightforward girl, that. I like her."

What was her amazement then to see the girl on the following evening dressed in her best, going down in the elevator with Gilbert, going down blithely and out to dinner with him at some cafe; for she heard him say so.

She smiled across at Judith anxiously, propitiatingly; but she resolutely turned her back, refusing to speak.

It was late that night.

Judith had come home from her solitary dinner at a little cafe, brushed her hair, made her preparations for sleep, robbing the couch of its variegated day covering and turning it into a whitely counterpaned bed; and was lying on it, half dozing in the dark when she heard a light footstep in the hall and skirts brush against her door.

There came a hoarse voice whispering outside. It was the voice of Louise.

"A dinner is a dinner," it whispered, and waited.

Judith lay quite still. Not getting up and asking her in to sit on the side of her bed and talk awhile, as she would formerly have done. Just lying there.

"Under the circumstances," said she, after a time, "I think I would rather starve."

Then back came the voice from the dark of the hall to the dark of her room in a cry revealing depths in the life of the girl which happily Judith had not sounded.

"But you have never been hungry yet," it said, repeating, "but you have never been hungry yet!"

Judith sat up and gazed into the dark, which seemed all at once to her frightened eyes to be filled with skeleton fingers ready to clutch her, with the relentless fingers of poverty, bony, merciless and grim.

"Oh, no," she whispered back, her own voice hoarse as that of Louise in her fright, "I have never been hungry yet!"

First Use of Torpedoes.

Torpedoes for the destruction of vessels were first used in the spring of 1861 by the confederates in the James river. In 1865 the secretary of the navy reported that more ships had been lost by torpedoes than from all other causes. Gen. Rains, chief of the confederate torpedo service, put the number at 58, a greater number than has been destroyed in all the wars since.

BOSTON & MAINE RAILROAD—

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Oct. 8, 1906

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.25, 6.30, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.22, 7.43 p. m. Sunday, 3.25, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00 p. m.

For Portland—9.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 8.45, 11.35 p. m. Sunday *9.55, 10.45 a. m., 8.45, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For Old Orchard—9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m. Sunday, *9.55 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55 a. m., 2.55 p. m.

For Somersworth—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—*4.50, *9.45, 9.55 a. m., 2.50, 2.55, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.50, 5.22, 8.47 p. m. Sunday, 9.55, 10.48 a. m., 8.47 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.20, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

For Greenland—7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 3.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m. Sunday 8.20, 9.00 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.30, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 5.00, 6.20 p. m. Sunday, 9.30 a. m., 12.45 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, *3.52 p. m. Sunday, 6.06 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.38 a. m., 3.23 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.20, 9.47 a. m., 3.52, 5.23 p. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.33, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 4.05, 5.35 p. m. Sunday, 7.15 a. m.

Leave Dover—6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 9.20 p. m. Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 6.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—9.22, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.59, 6.16, 7.26 p. m. Sunday, 10.06 a. m., 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9.28, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 5.05, 6.21, 7.31 p. m. Sunday, 10.12 a. m., 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sunday, 10.18 a. m., 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.20 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.43, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.31 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave,

Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Epping—9.20 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.15 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55p . m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

*Via Dover and Western Division.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to all Points in the United States and Canada.

D. J. FLANDERS, P. T. M.
C. M. BURT, G. P. A.

Actual increase 2,458,681 for twelve months ending Dec 31st. 1906. This is the record of the

7-20-4

10c Cigar

Thirty two years New England's Favorite.

R. G. SULLIVAN Mfr
Manchester, N. H.

ATLANTIC SHORE LINE RY.

(Western Division)

In effect Sept. 17, 1906. Subject to change without notice. Unavoidable delays excepted.

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connecting with cars:

For Eliot, Dover and South Berwick—6 55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.25, 6.55 a. m., and half hourly until 10.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via P. K. & Y. Div.—6.55 a. m., and every two hours until 4.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Eliot and Rosemary—7.55 a. m., and every two hours until 9.55 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For York Beach—8.05 a. m., and every two hours until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot and Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

For York—8.00 a. m., and every two hours until 10.00 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover and Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.30, 8.30 a. m., and every two hours until 4.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, via Rosemary and Eliot—7.30, 9.30 a. m., and every two hours until 9.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 9.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point:

For Portsmouth—6.00 a. m., and half hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Cottage:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.00, 6.30, 7.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m. Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—43-2 Portsmouth.

U. S. NAVY YARD FERRY TIME TABLE

October 1 Until March 31

Leaves Navy Yard—8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.00, 10.20, 11.15, 11.45 a. m.; 1.35, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 4.35, 5.00, 1.50, *7.45 p. m. Sundays, 10.00, 10.15 a. m.; 12.15, 12.35 p. m. Holidays, 9.30, 10.35, 11.30 a. m.

Leaves Portsmouth—8.30, 8.50, 9.20, 10.15, 11.00, 11.30 a. m.; 12.15, 1.45, 2.30, 3.30, 4.23, 4.45, 5.30, 6.00, *10.00 p. m. Sundays, 10.05 a. m.; 12.05, 12.25, 12.45 p. m. Holidays, 10.00, 11.00 a. m.; 12.00 m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

C. F. REES,
Captain, U. S. N. Captain of the Yard.
Approved: W. W. MEAD,
Rear Admiral U. S. N., Commandant

S. G.
LONDRES
10 Cent Cigar
Has No Equal.
S. GRYZMISH,
MANUFACTURER

Cemetery Lots
CARED FOR AND TURFING DONE.
With increased facilities, the subscriber is again prepared to take charge of and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be intrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the resetting of bodies, in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do loaming and grading in the city at short notice.
Cemetery lots for sale; also Loam and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Richards Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or with Oliver W. Ham, 31 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.
M. J. GRIFFIN.

PORTSMOUTH ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Winter Arrangement—In Effect Monday, Sept. 17, 1906

Subject to change and correction without notice.

Main Line—Outward

Leave Portsmouth (Market Square) for North Hampton *6.15 a. m. For Lang's Corner, Cable Road, Rye Beach, Little Boars Head and North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *7.05 a. m., and hourly until 9 05 p. m. For Cable Road only at **5.30 a. m., *6.45 a. m., ‖10.05 p. m. Sunday only, for North Hampton, 7.35 a. m. Sunday only, for Sagamore Hill, 10.05 a. m. On Theatre Nights ‖10.05 p. m. car waits until close of performance. Cars leaving 10.05 a. m., 1.05 p. m., 3.05, 4.05, 5.05, 7.05, 8.05 and 9.05 p. m. make connection for North Hampton.

Main Line—Inward

Leave North Beach (E. H. & A. Junction) at *8.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m. Leave Cable Road **6.10 a. m., *7.30 a. m. and *10.40 p. m. Sunday only, leave Sagamore Hill for Market Square at 10.23 a. m.

Plains Loop

Via Middle Street and Via Islington Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m. Via Middle Street only at 10.35 p. m. Sundays.

Last cars each night run to car barn only.

Christian Shore Loop

Via Islington Street and Via Market Street—Leave Market Square at **6.35 a. m., **7.05 a. m., and half hourly until *10.35 p. m. and x11.05 p. m.

Running time from Market Square to B. & M. Station via Islington street, 16 minutes; via Market street, 4 minutes. Last cars each night run to car barn only.

North Hampton Line—Weekdays

Leave Cable Road 7.00 a. m., 8.00, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a. m., 2.00 p. m., 5.45, 7.05 p. m., connecting with 7.40 a. m., 8.20, 11 19, a. m. 2.35 and 5.13 p. m. trains for Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head, Rye Beach and Cable Road at 7.30 a. m., 8.30, 9.30 xx11.00 a. m., 2.30 p. m., xx5.05 and 6.25 p. m., connecting with 9.28 a. m., 11.55 a. m., 2.30 p. m., 5.05 and 6.21 trains from Boston.

Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only xx11.55 a. m. xx1.00 p. m., 2 30, 3.40, xx4.00 4.32, 7.35, xx8 00, xx9.00 and xx10.00 p. m. Car leaving North Hampton, 4.22 p. m. connects at Little Boars Head for Rye Beach and Cable Road until October 7 1906.

Leave Little Boars Head for North Hampton Station at 12.50 p. m. 1.50, 2.50, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 7.50 8.50 and 9.50 p. m.

Sundays

Leave Little Boars Head at 8.50 a. m. and hourly until 9.50 p. m.

Returning—Leave North Hampton Station for Little Boars Head only 9.03 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m. All trips on Sundays connect with Main Line cars at Little Boar Head.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Omitted Holidays.

‖Runs to Little Boars Head Saturdays only.

xSaturdays only.

xxMake close connections for Portsmouth.

City Office: Room 5 Congress Block, Portsmouth. Telephone, 233.

WINSLOW T. PERKINS, Supt
C. M. BURT, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORTSMOUTH AND EXETER ELECTRIC RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Cars leave Exeter, Boston and Maine station, for Portsmouth—5.45, 7.45 *8.45, 9.45, 11.45 a. m., 1.45, 3.45 5.45, 6.45, 7.45, 9.45, *11.45 p. m. Cars leave Market square, Portsmouth, connecting with cars at Portsmouth Plains for Exeter—6.35 7.35, 8 35, 10.35 a. m., 12.35, 2.35, 4.35, 5.05, 6.35, 8.35, 10.35 p. m. Sunday cars start two hours later and run the same as on week days except the 7.35 a. m., and 5 05 p. m. trips, which are cancelled for that day.

*To Stratham only.

FOR TEN YEARS
We have been engaged in the Monumental Granite and Marble Business at the well-known city of Dover, and later in Rochester, N. H., and Waterville, Me. During this time we have got considerably numerous work in Portsmouth and surrounding towns. Now too we have located in Portsmouth, so shall endeavor to build up the same large volume of trade here that we have got our other places in the same business point, viz.: First Grade Work at Reasonable Prices.
Call and inspect our stock. We are prepared to do engraving special prices.
FRED C. SMALLEY,
Marble and Granite Dealer, Successor to Thos. G. Lenter,
NO. 2 WATER STREET.

The Awakening of a Mother-Heart

By JESSIE WADE MANNING

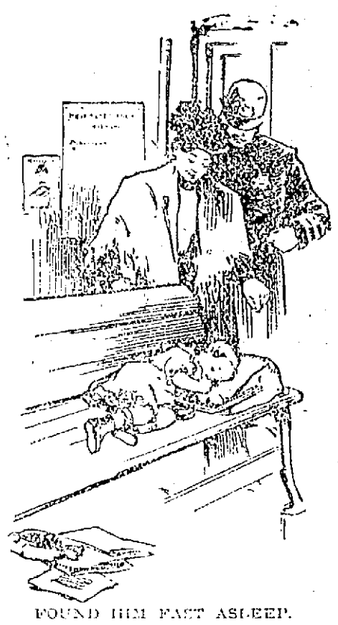
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

We have lived for 20 years in a flat over the stables provided by the superintendent of the Brixton park. My husband, William Newman, is now one of the head gardeners. I was brought up to work, and as good, honest, hard work keeps one out of mischief, I'm none the worse for doing the washing, ironing and housework all these years for my little family of two.

Well, I started out to tell about the tenants, and especially the boy, in the adjoining flat—the new undergardener, Norman Gray, and his wife and small son. They've been there now going on three weeks, and, as I never cousin strangers, I haven't spoken to any of them, only twice I've shook my finger at the child, and motioned him to keep on his own side of the yard.

Unfortunately, we are obliged to dry our "pieces" in the same yard, so it is a tug-of-war each Monday morning to see which will get ahead. I must admit she has no new-fangled ideas about hanging up clothes—woolens and stockings are always the first on the line.

The boy Norman is called by the foolish name of "Nibsey," and if a childless life of 20 clean, neat, monotonous years hadn't put a crust on



FOUND HIM FAST ASLEEP.

me like the bark on a tree, I might be tempted to notice the handsome child, although he's frightful forward and mischievous.

Only yesterday I looked up from cutting my old pieces of carpet into strips for a rug, to see Nibsey punching a boy, head and shoulders taller than himself. The blood was trickling down the big fellow's face. Calling up to the window, he said, proudly:

"Say, Mith Newman, did you see me 'do' him? I gith him a bluggy nose like everything."

I suppose I would have lived right along, finding fault with all the mother and child did, if Mrs. Gray hadn't been taken suddenly ill.

Norman Gray called me at midnight. The doctor was already there, and it did not take him long to order her removal to the hospital, where he said an operation for appendicitis would be necessary. I disagreed with the doctor, and told him that disease was only a fad of the profession, and a few old-fashioned remedies for inflammation of the bowels would soon put her on her feet, and not to be so fast for a knife and a reputation.

As the husband and doctor tenderly lifted the young thing into the ambulance, she looked up at me, through all her pain, her big, brown eyes (just like Nibsey's, I noticed) full of tears, and whispered:

"Please be kind to my little boy."

"Sure," I replied, all kind of choked up; "I guess my bark's worse than my bite, child."

I began by carrying Nibsey home with me. It's awful for strangers to upset you so, yet that boy looked like a cherub sleeping.

"The operation was successful," said Norman Gray the next morning, as he drank the coffee I offered him. But you can't make me believe anyone is quite the same after losing a portion of their anatomy.

In the week that followed, I lived 20 times 20 years. Such a racket in the house. The bird sang for the first time in years, and such a whirl as Nibsey led me!

Bless his little heart, there's really some good in that boy, after all!

Strange, he took to me like a duckling to water.

Late in the afternoon of the third day Nibsey was missing. I got hot and cold at the same time. William said I tore round as though the boy belonged to me. But it was sheer nervousness, nothing else. By a happy chance I telephoned police headquarters and found him at Station No 2, sitting on a bench with his little head on my old carpet bag, fast asleep. I'd brought that bag down from the attic in the morning to cut up for the rug. How he got it and carried it such a distance was a mystery.

"Nibsey," I called, softly.

"Oh! Mith Newman," he cried, jumping up and throwing himself into my arms, "I toudent find Dr. Johnson."

"Find Dr. Johnson!" I exclaimed, knowing his mother's doctor lived on the other side of the city.

"Yeth, Mith Newman, he div me five cents the udder night and said if I'd come and be his little boy I tou'd drive his horse."

"Well, where's the five cents?"

"Oh!" he said, beginning to cry, "I - div - it-to-the-man-on-the-car-and-tolded-him-I-wanted-to - go - to - Dr. Johnson's - and - after-a-long-time-he-put-me-off-and-tolded-me-to - wait-in-here-for-my-mamma."

I took his little hand and then picked up the carpet bag, which was as heavy as lead. In it he had put a train of cars, an old broken kite, a lump of wet clay and a dead sparrow. Dr. Johnson didn't know what he'd missed.

I hugged the boy all the way home, and believe I'm getting as idiotic over him as William. When love's been adrifting for nigh on to 20 years, and is awakened by a little innocence who falls pell-mell right into your frozen, numbed, old heart, you begin to realize there's something in life besides yourself, your dog and your hoardings.

Then came that awful day. It was Friday. Black Friday, indeed.

It appeared that one of the men driving a sprinkling cart through the park was sunstruck. Norman Gray working near the spot, jumped upon the seat to drive the impatient team and wagon back to the stable. The vehicle was an unusually high one, and always kept in a shed built for it. This Norman did not know, so, while driving in the stable he was caught between the low door frame and the high seat of the cart, which doubled him up and killed him instantly.

The poor, young wife recovered and bore her great sorrow like the brave little woman that she was. When it came time for her to take Nibsey, who clung to me like a young tendril around an old oak, I concluded, and so did William, that the best thing for Nibsey and his mother (who had got a position packing flower seeds) was to make their homes with us.

RUMANIAN'S HARD LOT.

Poor Homes of Laborers and Long Hours of Work in the Fields.

Probably no workman in the world to-day is more to be pitied than he of Rumania, the little Danubian principality in which agrarian conditions are so acute that a revolution parallel to that of France, though on a smaller scale, may be anticipated at any time, says the Southern Workman.

The Rumanian laborer is a simple hearted, kindly fellow. He is rather tall, with the sallow complexion of the French and with an unmistakable sadness of countenance born of long centuries of misery. The homes of these laborers are grouped in villages and these villages are like those of the Dahomey people at the world's fair—mere hovels of earth, for the most part, consisting of a single room, with a protruding roof to form a portico, in which the laborer spends his few hours of ease.

Inside these homes show varying degrees of culture. Some of them have their walls covered with white cloth much fluted and adorned with rows of lace in lieu of wall paper. Still others, however, and these are in the majority, are forced to content themselves with a coating of whitewash tinged with the blue that is so popular in Rumania. The humblest simply have the wattlings filled in with earth to keep out the winter winds. Here the laborer sleeps and spends the winter.

In other seasons at sunrise the men of the family and all the women except the one whose duty it is to attend to the home take the ungainly Cape buffalo and make their way to the fields, there to plow and sow and reap in most primitive fashion. To keep the plow down firmly in the furrow the little ones sit upon the frame while the father guides the team.

Contrary Old Man.

Prof. Lombroso, the Italian scientist, is now 70 years old, but extremely willful, and although he asks the advice of his family in everything always acts contrary to it. When asked to put on evening clothes he often instead dons a lounge suit. His indifference to money is proverbial. When he goes out he puts bank notes in the same pocket with his handkerchief, so that when he draws out the latter the bank notes are lost. Now, however, after frequently finding himself without money while traveling the professor fills all his pockets with bank notes, thus hoping never to be entirely without funds, even if the contents of one pocket should be lost.

Winners from Middle West.

A majority of the engineers engaged on the Panama canal have been taken from the middle west. The president of an eastern technical school recently called the attention of his students to the chance of westerners and told them that it was because westerners are not so much concerned as the easterners about their health and other matters of personal convenience. The young man who declines to undertake work that offers because, perchance, it may be a little unpleasant, will always be outstripped by the man who overlooks unpleasantness in his eagerness to accomplish results.—Youth's Companion.

The Club Widow.

McJigger—I understood you to call Mrs. Rownder a widow, but her husband is living.

Thingumbob—O! yes, she's what you might call a "club widow;" she's a woman who has a "late" husband.—Philadelphia Press.

The Other Captain Tennant

By LOUIS TRACY

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

A hansom darted out of the station, and the occupants, two sun-tanned men, stamped with the cavalry seal, each clutched at a window-rest and exchanged smiles of quick understanding.

"Great Scott!" cried the major, "it's good to be back in God's country after two and a half years in the Philippines! Look at the girls in muslin! Jimmy, let's charter the hansom for the afternoon and go round and see things!"

His excitement met with no response. Glancing at his companion, he suddenly checked the further outburst on his lips.

"What's up, Jimmy? No bad news, I hope?"

"Bad news! I have had none at all."

"Faith! there's plenty of good fish in the sea. Believe me, Jimmy, there is safety in numbers. I have run after women all my life and never caught one yet, so I have had all the sport and none of the worry."

Tennant agreed with him. He was in no mood for discussion, nor did his friend's cynical badinage appeal to him at the moment.

At last, when the major had gone off to a club Tennant stood irresolutely in the foyer of his hotel whilst pride and common sense wrestled for supremacy.

Pride said: "Why trouble your soul about a woman who has utterly ignored you for six long months, and now treats your homecoming with absolute indifference? Give her no further heed."

But common sense whispered: "Find out the truth before you decide. You would have trusted Elsie Stapleton with your life, your future, your honor. Do not now condemn her unheard."

He was a hard man and an obstinate one. Not readily, nor yet in stinted measure had he bestowed his love, and the causeless, merciless abandonment to which he had been subjected had seared his heart. Nevertheless, pride went under in the struggle, and he started forth to ascertain from the lady herself why he no longer found favor in her sight.

When he reached the lady's house, she was not there; indeed no one knew where she was. Her father had given up the house eight months ago and in New York, where no man knows his next door neighbor, the interval opposed a blank wall against further inquiry. It struck him as a small coincidence that at the period of this change of residence he was in the wildest part of the Philippines and temporarily incapacitated from writing home. Letters from Elsie, breathing love and hope, continued to reach him by devious routes for some weeks. Then—silence!

Being a determined man, he interviewed local tradesmen, policemen, post office officials, and finally a doctor. Here he found a clew. Yes, exactly eight months ago, Miss Elsie Stapleton, suddenly became very ill—received a shock, he believed, by unexpected news concerning a friend in the Philippines, and was taken abroad by her father. The girl was dangerously ill.

Ablaze with uncertainty, Tennant went back to his hotel. A man awaited his arrival, an army officer, like himself, and it was sufficiently amazing to read on the stranger's card: "Capt. J. W. Tennant."

"I have been chasing you round the world," he explained. "My business is important. Can we have a quiet talk somewhere?"

Jimmie led his namesake to a sitting-room. Here the other Capt. Tennant seated himself, lit a cigarette, and produced an envelope.

"Do you recognize the handwriting?" he said.

Jimmie required no second glance. It was Elsie's.

"How the deuce did this come into your possession?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Hold on! This affair may have caused you some trouble, but not half so much as it has given me. Now, just sit still and listen. My name happens to be John Watson Tennant. My wife, whom I recently married, and who was a millionaire's widow, happens to be extremely jealous. She collects my correspondence. I don't mind, as I thought all the letters would be from duns. I didn't count on receiving love-letters, and devilish well-written ones at that, from a young lady named Elsie. By Jove! didn't she make it hot for me? Never a word did she let on, though, for I should have discovered the mistake at once. To her there was only one J. W. Tennant in existence, and she did not believe me when I showed her your name in the army list. I must admit that the last letter appeared to justify her suspicions."

"The last letter!"

"Yes. I am awfully sorry for you, old man, but I couldn't help it. Miss Elsie evidently saw an account of my marriage in some papers and thought it was yours, as you had not written to her for some weeks. Then the fat was in the fire—with my wife, I mean. Since that document reached her she has made my life a misery, commanded me to leave the service, pays not the bills, never gives me a red cent, and alternately ties me to her apron string and threatens divorce proceedings.

"Give me . . . my letters!" gasped Jimmy.

The other man laughed discordantly.

"I am almost in the divorce court for demanding even an envelope," he cried. "My wife sleeps on them, and reads them twice over whenever she thinks I am wheedling her a bit. Now, if you feel equal to it, come with me to my hotel and try all you know to persuade her that Elsie belongs to you, and not to me."

The persuasion took a form that the rich and overjoyed Mrs. Tennant was not accustomed to. It astounded and gratified her husband, lucky husband to see the way in which she quailed before Jimmy's wrath. The latter walked straight into her palatial suite and thrust some old and frayed letters before her eyes.

"You have some of my correspondence in your possession," he said, with an intensity of passion that cowed her instantly. "They are letters written to me by a Miss Elsie Stapleton. You will recognize her handwriting. Will you give them to me quietly, or must I take them by force?"

"Oh, no!" she shrieked, "protect me!"

"Darling," said her better half, "I am helpless. This is the other Capt. J. W. Tennant. You refused to believe me, dearest, when I assured you—"

"Do you hear, woman?" growled Jimmy. "Your miserable jealousy has endangered, perhaps wrecked, the happiness of two people who never imagined that such a creature as you could come between them. Give me my letters, or by the bones of your martyred first husband, I will—"

That was enough. She produced a crumpled packet from the bosom of her dress. Without a word of apology or further comment, Jimmy stood where he was and read the blurred lines, for the lady had wept hot tears over them, and the paper was almost in tatters. The silly mistake which might yet have a tragic ending was quickly revealed. Elsie had indeed seen in a newspaper an account of the marriage, and her lover's prolonged silence at that unhappy juncture forced her to the conclusion that he had jilted her. Her last little note of farewell wrung his heart in agony.

It was a long and difficult search for ten days. Jimmy's chief difficulty was that the only persons who knew the Stapletons' whereabouts regarded him as an unprincipled scoundrel, and refused to see him. Then he found the girl's aunt, and the woman knew that this story was true. She told him that Elsie, who had been near to death, was slowly recovering her health in Florida.

He went there by the next steamer, and with him traveled Mr. and Mrs. Tennant—the latter most unwillingly, but dreamed now into subjection to her lord and master. With a soldier's strategy the leader of mounted infantry first captured Elsie's father and made him listen to reason. Then it was thought advisable that the dame should be forced to go and tell her story to Elsie, and thus prepare her for the coming of her lover.

She played her part honestly, but with whimpers. She happened, too, to hear what Elsie said when Jimmy took her in his arms.

"Somehow," sobbed the girl, "I never really doubted you. I read a description of this woman—and saw her photograph—and then I thought that fever or hardship had affected your brain."

By succeeding mails from the Philippines came batches of Jimmy's correspondence, returned through the dead letter office, and Elsie enjoyed reading them now that they were married, a great deal more than if he were still in the far east.

The two Tennants occasionally play bridge together at the same club, but the two Mrs. Tennants will never be real friends, though they meet at times.

"SOMEHOW," SOBBED THE GIRL, "I NEVER REALLY DOUBTED YOU."

Swearing and Affirming.

Judge David D. Shelby, of the Alabama circuit court, was talking about the difference between swearing and affirming.

"Whatever the difference is," he said, "it is assuredly not what a certain old colored man understood it to be last week.

"This colored man, entering the witness box, said he thought he wouldn't swear. He thought he would just affirm.

"'Erastus,' I said, 'how is this? A month ago, when you appeared before me, you consented readily enough to swear. Why is it that you will only affirm now?'

"'Well, yo' honah,' said Erastus, 'de reason am dat I specks I ain't quite so sure about de facks o' dis case as I was o' de odder.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC

FEBRUARY 23

SUN RISES	6:22	MOON RISES	00:00 P. M.
SUN SETS	5:32	FULL SEA	11 30 A. M. 00:00 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY	11:10		

Full Moon, Feb. 28th, 1h. 23m., morning, W.
Last Quarter, March 7th, 3h. 42m., morning, E.
New Moon, March 14th, 1h. 5m., morning, E.
First Quarter, March 21st, 8h. 10m., evening, W.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Should you fail to receive your Herald regularly communicate with the office at once either by telephone, No. 37, or by messenger. We intend to give careful attention to our delivery system. Subscribers can pay bills monthly at the office or to the collector.

F. W. HARTFORD,
Treasurer.

THE TEMPERATURE

Twenty-four degrees above zero was the temperature at THE HERALD office at two o'clock this afternoon

CITY BRIEFS

Farewell February.

Physicians are very busy.

The Elks had a great time in this city.

The paper goods factory is a busy place just now.

The supreme court will convene in Concord next Tuesday.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

"As ye Sow" is again to be seen in this city in the near future.

Portsmouth High School has an attractive base ball schedule.

The devotes of the snowshoe and the ski have had their innings.

The Graffort Club is working hard in the interest of the vacation school.

Portsmouth has so far escaped the epidemics which have plagued many cities.

It has been suggested that it is possible for a Winter to be too old fashioned.

The Legislature will probably be in session throughout the month of March.

Next week brings the regular monthly meeting of the board of instruction.

It would not be surprising if there was a lack of sand in the street department.

Company B is rapidly becoming one of the best companies of the state National Guard.

A big hospital at Portsmouth navy yard would fill a want long felt by the navy department.

An important event here next Fall will be the state convention of the King's Daughters.

Employes of the electric railroads have been struggling heroically to keep the lines open.

This Winter will also come very near establishing a record for the number of snow storms.

Gentle Spring may come early, but if she does she will find Winter doing business at the old stand.

LIST OF FLOWERS

At the Funeral of Clarence E. Cress on Wednesday

Reposing in a little white casket, amid smilax and white pinks and surrounded by beautiful flowers, all that was mortal of the little life that nine short months ago came to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Cress, was on Wednesday laid at rest in the silent tomb.

The following were the floral tributes from loving friends:

Smilax and nine white pinks, "Grandpa."

Pillow, "Clarence", Mr. and Mrs. George E. Cress.

Cut flowers, roses, pinks and hyacinths, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Marston.

Flat bouquet, pinks and ferns, William Carlton.

Mound, roses, hyacinths and ferns, Ella Brown and Mrs. Fuller.

DEATH OF FREDERICK H. HOWE

Frederick H. Howe, keeper of the Exeter jail, died on Wednesday at the age of thirty-five years. Until about three weeks ago, he was a member of the Exeter police force, having served about seven years. He was a native of Exeter and graduated from Phillips Academy with the class of 1892. He was at one time a school teacher.

POLICE ASKED TO FIND SON

Word was received by the police today (Thursday) of the death of Mrs. Ursula Kraus, at 902 Jay street, Rochester, N. Y. The letter asked the police to locate her son, Edward Kraus, supposed to be living in this city. The police have been unable so far to find him.

ISLAND FOR SALE

One Of Shoals Group Offered At Auction

AS A RESULT OF FORECLOSURE PROCEEDINGS

Star Island And Famous Hotel Oceanic On The Market

FOLLOWING FRIENDLY AGREEMENT AMONG THE PARTIES INTERESTED

An opportunity was given today (Thursday) for anyone who desired to do so to buy an island. The particular detached bit of terra firma offered for sale was Star Island of the Shoals group, held for many years by Oscar Leighton, who resides on the island.

About a month ago it was announced that on Feb. 28 the island would be sold at auction. This was the result of foreclosure proceedings instituted by the Piscataqua Savings bank of this city, based on a first mortgage of $14,500, given in 1899, and a second mortgage of $8,500, dated Oct. 4, 1902.

The sale was actually a friendly way of discharging a debt already existing, to use a semi-legal term. It was primarily, so The Herald was informed by one of those directly interested, in the interest of the holder of the property.

With the island were offered Hotel Oceanic and all its equipments.

A party of gentlemen concerned in the affair went to Star Island this (Thursday) morning. Among those who made the trip were Judge Edward H. Adams, representing the Piscataqua Savings bank, County Solicitor Charles H. Batchelder, attorney for the Portsmouth Savings bank, A. J. Lane of Manchester of the A. J. Lane Company, which is interested in Appledore Island and last Summer conducted The Oceanic, and Philip Laighton, a member of the family which has long held possession of the island.

The negotiations which culminated in the sale advertised for today had been in progress for a long time, but it was only about a month ago that a definite announcement of an agreement among the parties intimately concerned was made. It was then that the public was told that an auction would be held on the last day of February.

Hotel Oceanic was at one time numbered among the most prosperous Summer hostelries anywhere near the Atlantic coast and Star Island was a favorite place of sojourn. Circumstances over which the proprietors of the hotel had no control diverted business to some extent and the result was the arrangements for the disposal of the property.

FEAST OF PURIM

Celebrated By Those Of Jewish Faith, According To Custom

Jews everywhere celebrate the Feast of Purim today. It marks the anniversary of King Ahasuerus's order rescinding the edict for the killing of the Jews and overthrowing the plans of Haman for the destruction of the race. Through the efforts of Esther, the King issued the order and gave the Jews permission to defend themselves when attacked.

The race was preserved by this order and the people have celebrated it ever since, covering a period of 2,400 years. The celebration has not the religious sentiment which marks so many of the Jewish holidays. In ancient times the anniversary was celebrated by giving dances, especially masquerades, and this custom has been continued to a large extent by thousands of Jews.

One of the prescribed customs is for the assembling of the family in the morning and evening, when the Book of Esther is read and there is a general exchange of presents. It generally is made the merriest of the Jewish holidays, marking, as it does, the preservation of the Jews.

GARRETT PROPERTY SOLD

Sugden Brothers Buy Land and Buildings on Green Street

The old Garrett property on Green street was sold to Sugden Brothers on Wednesday. The purchasers are to make improvements for their business in that locality.

The sale includes two dwellings, the land connected with them and wharf privileges on the old dock, formerly used for stone cutting by the firm of Cobb and Call.

It is said that one of the buildings purchased will be fitted for a storehouse and that the dock will be filled in for wharf room.

E-M-E-R-S-O-N

When correctly pronounced spells

PIANO SATISFACTION
PIANO ARTISTRY
PIANO DURABILITY
PIANO ECONOMY

The time test is the only true test. Ask the man who owns an EMERSON PIANO.

H. P. Montgomery,

6 Pleasant Street Opp. P. O.

LONGFELLOW READINGS

Given In The Unitarian Chapel By Rev. Alfred Gooding

Rev. Alfred Gooding gave a very interesting series of readings from the works of the poet Longfellow on Wednesday afternoon in the chapel of the Unitarian Church. The chapel was crowded, among Mr. Gooding's hearers being a number of teachers and many pupils from the public schools.

Mr. Gooding possesses in a marked degree the ability to read well and he gave to his selections from the works of the great American poet all their natural charm. His selections were remarkably well chosen, too, being admirably adapted to give the hearer a comprehensive idea of Longfellow's versatility and distinctive style.

The readings were, of course, given in a way in commemoration of the birthday of the poet and the large attendance testified to the interest felt in Longfellow and his work.

Most of the more familiar short poems were read, as well as many not so well known to the general public, and there were selections from the more important of the longer poems. No finer program could have been made up from the writings of Longfellow.

Mrs. May Priest sang splendidly "The Arrow," one of Longfellow's poems set to music, and Charles W. Gray effectively rendered the musical version of "The Village Blacksmith."

Those who heard the readings of Wednesday afternoon hope that Mr. Gooding will give selections from the works of other American poets.

COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET

Tendered By Mr. Babbington At The Rockingham

C. H. Babbington of London, England, a member of the board of directors of the Frank Jones Brewing Company, who is here on business connected with the company, tendered a complimentary banquet to the several officials of the corporation at The Rockingham on Wednesday evening.

The repast was all that could be desire daud Mr. Babbington and his guests passed an enjoyable evening around the festive board.

Those present were General Manager E. B. Bartlett, Supt. W. J. Wilson, Assistant Superintendent B. A. Anglin, Master Mechanic C. H. Faul, Auditor Rudolph Leibrock, Cashier M. S. Dada, Brewmaster Daniel Tracey, Auditors Steel, Mr. Spratlin and former Superintendent W. J. Moat.

The bill of fare of the banquet was as follows:

Consommé, Alphabit
Radishes Queen Olives
Boiled Penobscot Salmon, Hollandaise
German Fried Potatoes
Filet of Beef, with Mushrooms
Apple Fritters, Wine Sauce
Roast Rhode Island Turkey,
Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Wax Beans
Waldorf Salad
Maraschino Ice Cream
Claret Jelly Assorted Cake
Roquefort Cheese American Cheese
Crackers
Coffee

NOW A LAW

Tax Assessors Bill Signed By Governor

HAMPTON BRIDGE BILL INDEFINITELY POSTPONED

(By The Herald's Staff Correspondent)

Concord, Feb. 28—The bill reducing the board of tax assessors of the city of Portsmouth to three and requiring an election of a new board by the present city council was, through the efforts of Chairman Philbrick of the Portsmouth delegation, signed by Gov. Floyd today, so that it is now a law.

House bill No. 80, authorizing the Governor to take over Hampton River bridge, the famous mile-long structure, was indefinitely postponed in the House this forenoon.

PERSONALS

Mott Bartlett has been visiting friends in this city.

Samuel W. Emery, Jr., went to Concord on legal business today.

Mrs. Daniel F. Frisbee of Kittery Point has been visiting in Newfields.

W. A. Thompson, business manager of "As Ye Sow" was in this city today.

Miss Gertrude Moran of Deer street is passing the day in Salem, Mass.

Mrs. Herman Chandler of South street is suffering from a severe case of the grip.

Miss Alice French of East Kingston has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Robert G. Rowe of Cass street.

Mrs. I. C. Hanscom is restricted to her home on Highland avenue, Antrim, this state, suffering with an attack of the grip.

George E. Kane, conductor on one of the Boston and Maine yard switchers, has returned to duty after a short sick leave.

Rev. and Mrs. William Reid of Rockland, Mass., are the guests of Mrs. Reid's parents, Rev. and Mrs. George W. Gile, in this city.

Mrs. Fred Flynn of Roxbury, Mass., formerly of this city, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Tucker of Bow street.

Mrs. Lena Morrill will present the report for the Portsmouth Woman's Christian Temperance Union at the quarterly convention for Rockingham county at Plaistow on Tuesday, March 7.

Judge Samuel W. Emery presented to the committee on public improvements of the state House of Representatives this week the proposition for the state to take over the Hampton River bridge.

Mrs. L. H. Perkins, Mrs. Lena Morrill, Mrs. Harriet Bilbruck, Mrs. V. E. Bragon and Mrs. Frank Gardner of the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union went to Kittery to attend the Willard memorial services this afternoon.

DECISION RESERVED

Judge Pike reserved his decision in the Four Tree Island case on Wednesday. The fifth wife of Charles E. Gray, the late owner of the island, who was Elvie J. Burte, is believed to be living, but her whereabouts are not known. Just before his death, Gray gave the deeds of the island to his sister, Mrs. Susan Sullivan.

FACTORY FULLY EQUIPPED

The New England Paper Goods Company is now fully equipped for the manufacture of paper boxes of all kinds at its factory on Hanover street. New machinery has been installed and the work will be in charge of a competent man of long experience.

15TH ANNIVERSARY

Observed By Oak Castle, K. G. E., Last Evening

FINE ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY PROF. BOLING

Oak Castle, No. 4, observed its fifteenth anniversary in K. G. E. Hall on Wednesday evening, about three hundred being present. A fine banquet consisting of turkey, cold meats, pies, cakes of all kinds and coffee and tonices were served.

The entertainment was furnished for the most part by Prof. Boling, the popular young Portsmouth hypnotist, who certainly made good with his class of subjects, which included a number of prominent Portsmouth citizens.

Feats in mental telepathy, consisting of the finding of lost articles, were introduced and each carried to a successful conclusion.

Selections by the drum corps and music on the graphophone were also given.

INCREASE IN WAGES IN EFFECT NEXT MONDAY

Beginning Monday, the conductors, baggage masters and brakemen in the Boston and Maine passenger train service will get an increase in wages. The brakemen get an increase of twenty cents and conductors and baggage men an increase of ten cents. Under this new wage schedule, some changes are expected in the runs of the men on trains between this city and Boston.

WHAT DO THE FRANKLIN PIERCE MEN THINK OF THIS?

The regular trial of the fire department at the Frank Jones brewing plant on Wednesday brought out a surprise in the prompt response of the men. In one minute and three-quarters after the alarm was sounded, the men had a stream on the malt house fire room, near where the last fire started.

FLYING YANKEE OFF SCHEDULE

The Flying Yankee was way off schedule Wednesday evening, owing to the engine of that train giving out at North Berwick. A freight engine had to be substituted to get the train through to Boston.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Regulets, and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Regulets bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.

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TREE PRUNERS

For Cutting Brown Tail Moth Nests

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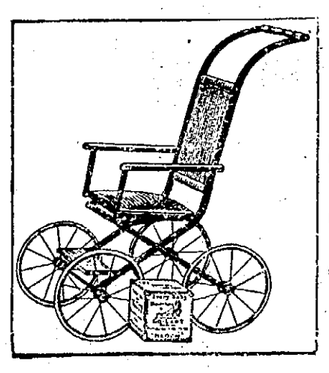
A Child Can Fold It



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